

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,933. Vol. 74.

November 12, 1892.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. THIS day week it was announced that, in consequence of all the major thanes of the Cabinet flying in that remarkable manner from the LORD MAYOR'S feast, Lord KIMBERLEY had had to reconsider his refusal and promise to appear, lest haply it should be said that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers were afraid to meet the citizens of London.

On Tuesday morning a long manifesto was published from the National Liberal Federation tending to show that, of all famous victories, there never was such a famous victory as that just won for Home Rule. In token whereof the Federation, which seems to be a frank federation enough, if a little foolish, produced figures, we believe, quite accurate, showing that Home Rulers in Great Britain were at the late general election (and there are some bye-elections to add in now) in a minority of some two thousand and odd votes. It was a famous victory.

On Tuesday night Mr. BALFOUR at Edinburgh addressed the Scottish Union of Conservative Associations in very excellent form. He attended to the wounds of Mr. MORLEY as thoughtfully as the doll's dressmaker did to those of Fascination FLEDGEBY, labelled Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT scientifically as an example of "disinterested aversion to the British "Empire," drew an agreeable picture of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers on Wednesday night hurrying in different directions to avoid awkward unbosomings at the LORD MAYOR'S feast, exposed the utter unsoundness of the Gladstonian contention in the matter of protection to Sheriffs in Ireland, and wound up with such an examination of the conduct of Sir JAMES MATHEW, as we should imagine few judges have ever had to undergo at the hands of an ex-First Lord of the Treasury. The *Daily News*, by the way, is very angry with Mr. BALFOUR for talking about being "impaled on the "horns of a dilemma," and objects ALDRICH to him. It was, no doubt, a misfortune for Mr. BALFOUR that he was not brought up on that admirable writer. But we will, as Mr. TITMARSH used to say, construe ALDRICH with the *Daily News* any day; and we defy it to find anything there inconsistent with this common metaphor. It is possible to argue, no doubt, that the "horns" of a dilemma are more like those of a Zulu

impi than like those of a bull, and that you are rather caught between them than impaled upon them. But ALDRICH'S explanation does not suit the one more than the other.

We discuss elsewhere the maimed rites (oratorically speaking) of the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet, and it would be cruel to describe the affair twice over. A vacancy in a strongly Gladstonian constituency, East Aberdeenshire, has been created by the appointment of Mr. PETER ESLEMONT to the Chairmanship of the Scotch Fisheries Board.

On Thursday night Lord SALISBURY was present at a banquet of the Nonconformist Unionist Association, and made a good speech on the topics of the day, Uganda and the Eviction Commission more particularly. Uganda was also the theme of a very large and enthusiastic meeting—two meetings, in fact, for there was a considerable overflow—held in the Town Hall, Kensington, and attended by Captain LUGARD. Lord KIMBERLEY, who is improving, with great good sense, the position into which the *faintantise* of his more prominent colleagues has forced him, made a very sensible answer to the Anti-Opium fanatics on the morning of the same day.

Ireland. The VICEROY was waited upon yesterday week by deputations from various diocesan synods of the Church of Ireland to protest against the proposed easement to the Christian Brothers' Schools. These deputations, no doubt, did after their nature well; but not, we venture to think, wisely.—We did our best when the names of Mr. MORLEY'S Eviction Commissioners were first announced to prevent some hasty Unionists from crying out before they were hurt. But we could hardly have anticipated that Sir JAMES MATHEW would so triumphantly vindicate his claim to be considered a warm friend to the Union. On the first day of the Commission's sitting, last Monday, he made an opening speech, which further narrowed down Mr. MORLEY'S one-sided reference, described the object of the Commission to be reinstatement *sans phrase*, proceeded, first, to abuse Lord CLANRICARDE for not putting in an appearance, and then to abuse the counsel (Mr. CARSON) who put in an appearance for him, alternately gave and refused license to cross-examine, refused Mr. SMITH BARRY'S counsel (Mr. KENNY) permission to inquire whether Mr. SMITH BARRY'S evicted tenants have ever made any

appeal for reinstatement, and ended an almost unheard-of scene in what he very justly protested was "not a court of law," by characterizing the conduct of both learned counsel as "impertinent and disgraceful to the Irish Bar," receiving in return from Mr. CARSON the calm assurance that the inquiry was a farce and a sham. Sir JAMES had naïvely requested that nobody would comment on his action, and some Gladstonians, nothing loth, carried this etiquette so far as to say nothing about the matter, while others were almost equally gingerly, and perhaps more aghast. Mr. BALFOUR's remarks at Edinburgh, however, forced them out of this attitude, and they made up in ill-temper on Wednesday for Tuesday's reticence. As for the Commission itself, it has taken the avowed position of an *ex-parte* inquiry, and may be said to have lost all interest. A few Roman Catholic clergymen and professional agitators have been called to air their views, and Lord CLANRICARDE's agent is expected to be heard next week. But the thing has plagiarized the title of Mr. HOWELLS's best novel, and is *A Foregone Conclusion*. Indeed, it seems to have had very little to do, and its President, in another of his remarkable utterances, is said to have observed that "its time was of little value," and that it might be a good thing to take a jaunt to one of the estates concerned. And then the Commission itself began to shrivel. Mr. MURPHY, the only one of its members who was regarded as a sort of apology to the landlords, has resigned—cruelly omitting to inform Gladstonian newspapers of the fact, so that they boasted of his presence after his resignation. Mr. MURROUGH O'BRIEN has made tracks for a safer and more profitable berth. It was said yesterday that Mr. ROCHE, Q.C., was beginning to think that, after all, Courts which are "Courts of Law," and in which his fellow Q.C.s receive different treatment from judges, are preferable. And so it seems probable that, in default of counsel, witnesses, Commissioners, and everybody, Sir JAMES MATHEW will be left sitting "he by 'himself he.'"

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. An interesting dinner was given by the NIZAM at Hyderabad, yesterday week, to the VICEROY, at which both magnates said the things they ought to have said. Prince BISMARCK had been continuing the mingled tissue of "revelations" and grumblings which is sometimes damaging to his enemies and more often to himself. The shortest way with Salvationists had been vigorously carried out at Geneva by the imprisonment of a man named CLIBBORN, who calls himself "Colonel."

On Monday morning the *Howe* had not been floated, but was in no worse condition; there was a religious difficulty in Hungary; Prince BISMARCK, who appears to be covering with alarming rapidity the distance which separates a great man from an old scold, had been denouncing the Anglo-German agreement; Count D'AUBIGNY was experiencing the sad truth that a Sultan, like a woman, *souvent varie*; OSMAN DIGNA had failed to induce any serious rebellion in his old haunts; and there was a report from Gilgit (which need neither be at once accredited nor regarded as probably untrue) that the affair at Somatash was a deliberate *guet-apens* for the unfortunate Afghans on Colonel's YANOFF's part.

On Tuesday morning it was reported that the partisans of Mr. MERCIER (who, in accordance with the omens when his case was before the grand jury, had been acquitted last week) had been fêting him, and had received the assurance (which we seem to have heard before in similar cases) that he was a persecuted patriot; that President KRÜGER was prepared to stand or fall by the independence of the Transvaal; that the Italian elections had resulted in a considerable Ministerial majority; and that Count D'AUBIGNY was requesting the Sultan of MOROCCO to come and be

protected. It was asserted (and was later confirmed) that the SZAPARY Ministry in Hungary had resigned, and that the Russian Government had addressed to the PORTE a reminder about the indemnity. This, of course, only means "How dare you be so insolent as to let the man STAMBOULOFF, who has resisted and checkmated us before Europe, come and see you?"

The conciliators have not exactly had the last word in the Carmaux matter. On Tuesday a suspicious parcel was left at the offices of the Company in Paris, which, being taken to a police station, exploded and killed five men. Now, most people are afraid of dynamite, and the Parisians are more afraid of it than anybody else; so that there was a considerable scene in the Chamber. It was reported that Colonel DODDS had given "no quarter" orders in Dahomey, which, from certain incidents in Tonquin, we should have thought superfluous. The Belgian Chambers had met.

By Thursday morning the election of Mr. CLEVELAND to the American Presidency, the probability of which had been confidently asserted for some days, was declared to be certain, and Mr. CLEVELAND's majority over Mr. HARRISON was estimated at not much less than two to one. Colonel, now General, DODDS had had yet another victory in Dahomey, Cana, the royal burial-place, being, it is said, taken, and the capture of Abomey itself imminent. The International Bureau for the Suppression of the Slave-trade, with Sir GERARD PORTAL as representative of Great Britain and President, opened its sittings at Brussels on Wednesday.

Yesterday morning the proportions of Mr. CLEVELAND's probable victory were further magnified. The excitement of the Parisians was making things uncomfortable for M. LOUBET's Government. Prussian finances were in somewhat bad order for that frugal country, and schemes of reform were before the Diet.

Uganda. This day week Captain LUGARD delivered another important address on Uganda at the Cannon Street Hotel under the auspices, as they call it, of the London Chamber of Commerce. The meeting was quite unanimous, even though Mr. MACKENZIE, of the British East India Company, defended that body, of which, as we venture humbly to think, a very great deal too much has been heard and made in the matter. The Captain transferred his useful labours on Monday to Manchester, and met with an equally good reception there.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the case of LEADER v. SMYTH ended, as was to be expected, in a verdict for the plaintiff, with 500*l.* damages. Mr. Justice DAY had summed up rather in Mrs. SMYTH's favour than otherwise, though he expressed surprise at the line of defence adopted; and he impressed upon the jury what is, no doubt, formally true, that the improper communications with the press had nothing to do with the case. Yet we may be pretty certain that jurors being men, and not always men without a sense of decency, any chance that Mrs. SMYTH might have had of escaping the penalties due to a suspicious temper and an unruly tongue was done away with, and not wrongly done away with, by that very proceeding. As was once roughly but sensibly remarked, "If a newspaper reporter approaches you, tell him to go to the d—l; and if you feel inclined to approach him, set it down 'at once to the instigation of the same personage.'" A rather large batch of solicitors was on the same day struck off the rolls or subjected to minor penalties for misconduct; and the convict NEILL was respited for a week that affidavits might come from America—a not very wise proceeding, and certainly not a merciful one. But it is fair to Mr. ASQUITH to say that he seems at the same time to have taken some pains to impress on NEILL that he will probably be hanged. See-saw again. As a matter of fact the affidavits subsequently turned out

to be worthless, and the man will be hanged. No additional suffering inflicted on such a scoundrel need count; but it is a pity that Mr. ASQUITH had not—as Mr. MATTHEWS, no faultless person, would pretty certainly have had—the strength of mind to let the law take its course, sure of his justification.—This day week a dinner was given by members of the Northern and North-Eastern Circuits to the three new judges they boast of—Mr. Justice BRUCE, Mr. Justice BARNES, and Mr. Justice KENNEDY.—The nationality of certain oysters was in question on Monday, and was not decided, judgment being reserved; and the eternal GOSSAGE case was once more before the Courts.—On Tuesday some registration appeals were taken.—The principal case on Thursday was that of BLAIR and GIRLING v. COX, a libel action arising as an incident of a once well-known expression of Justice GRANTHAM'S about Chancery expenses. The jury found for the plaintiffs with a farthing damages, and they were refused costs.

The Thirsk Collision. The evidence of the signalman at the enquiry into the causes of the Thirsk collision disclosed, without an attempt at concealment, that the accident was due to his direct blundering; but the cause assigned for his incompetence—that he had been sitting up with a sick child, and had applied in vain for relief—remained in dispute.

Labour. The Lancashire cotton strike (on the merits of which there seems to be a greater difference of well-informed and unprejudiced opinion than usual) began on Monday. Fewer hands seem to have gone out than was expected, but the number of actual strikers, 30,000, seems to be sufficient. Meanwhile, while some are thus quarrelling with their employment in Lancashire, others are protesting against being unemployed in London. Trafalgar Square, after five years' peace and quietness, heard the old rant (though fortunately, thanks to police precaution, it did not see the old riot) on Saturday, and next day some unemployed paid Dean BRADLEY a call at Westminster Abbey. The Dean exhibited Archdeacon FARRAR to them as "one of the most gifted preachers of this 'nation,'" and then, perhaps remembering a certain text about bread and a stone, supplemented this benefit with a shilling a-piece. After Sunday Tower Hill had to take the place of Trafalgar Square, but the meetings continued. On Tuesday these industrious unemployed met and marched on the office of the *St. James's Gazette*, which had, it seems, insulted their dignity; but the minions of tyranny were watchful. Some very incendiary language was used later about those "disgraceful dwellings called the clubs." Is Captain SHINDY also among the unemployed? And on Wednesday a Mr. T. KING talked nobly.

The Roumania and the Howe. A good deal of space was occupied in the papers of the end of last week by details of the two disasters to British ships which had happened on the coasts of the Peninsula. The statement of Captain HAMILTON seems to be formal and positive, to the effect not only that no steps were taken by the officers of the *Roumania* to save the passengers, but that the last chance of safety for these unfortunates was done away with by a positive order or recommendation to stay below. The telegrams respecting the *Howe* on Friday and Saturday were extremely conflicting, private intelligence declaring the ship to be a certain and total loss; while official news, both Spanish and English, merely confessed that she had not yet been got off. The latter turned out to be correct. Preparations for attempting salvage have been going on during the week, and it is said that the Admiralty have come to terms with a German firm, the Neptune Salvage Company. To some people it may seem rather odd that the largest shipping concern in the world

(as the British navy may fairly be said to be) should not be ready to do its own salvage.

Meetings. A sort of aftermath of Congresses and Conferences has been gathered in this week. Several Dissenting sects, calling themselves the "Free 'Evangelical Churches,'" have been conferring at Manchester; there was a women's meeting at Bristol; and the Institutes of British Architects and of Civil Engineers have met and been addressed by their presidents.

Canadian Cattle. Mr. GARDNER informed a deputation which waited on him yesterday week that he had decided to withdraw the privilege of Canadian cattle, and an Order in Council to that effect was issued the same day; Mr. CHAPLIN'S policy being thus thoroughly carried out.

Miscellaneous. One of the largest battleships in the Navy—the *Royal Oak*—was launched by Messrs. LAIRD last week at Birkenhead, as her sister the *Revenge* had been, two days earlier, on the Tyne.—A long-distance marching competition of some interest took place on Saturday last between a good number of regular, militia, and volunteer teams of nine men each in heavy marching order. The distance was fifty-four miles—one seldom needed in actual warfare—and eight of the seventeen succeeded in doing it; the winning team, that of the 3rd East Surrey Volunteers, taking only 17 hours 36 minutes.—The rains and winds of last week gave way, at the beginning of this, to fog, which was very general in at least the south-eastern parts of the country; but reports of disasters at sea from the more boisterous weather of the earlier period continued to come in fast.—The Duchess of TECK opened a Home for the Dying in the Avenue Road on Monday.—The London County Council, at its Tuesday meeting, was chiefly occupied in dividing the bearskin with regard to the betterment to be reaped, from the street to be made, by the Act of Parliament to be obtained, from the House of Commons to be got over, by the Government to be kept by Providence in office for that purpose.

Obituary. Mr. ALBERT WRATISLAW, who died last week, was a Cambridge scholar of somewhat eccentric ability in Slavonic and other tongues, whose name was better known some years ago (especially in the five-and-twenty years during which he held the headmastership of Bury St. Edmunds Grammar School) than recently.—General ABBOTT had been chief engineer to the Cabul force under Sir GEORGE POLLOCK fifty years ago, and later was the last Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe.—Miss SOPHIE EYRE was an actress of ability, especially in parts rather out of the ordinary stage way; and M. HERVÉ (whose real name was, it seems, FLORIMOND RONGER) had written ballet, opéra bouffe, and the like, sometimes with no small success, for more than forty years. It is to be hoped that he was not, as is reported, snuffed out by an article.—Mr. SAMUEL BRANDRAM was very widely known in recitation, especially of SHAKESPEARE, a very difficult and peculiar art, which he himself had raised to perhaps a higher pitch, and had certainly made more popular, than any practitioner of it, putting ladies out of the question, before his day.—The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning—it is supposed from heart disease—was an odd person in many ways. His domestic affairs, which were the subject of a great deal of scandal, were nobody's business but his own. But, although he was a connoisseur of taste and judgment, he distinguished himself by gutting Blenheim of the treasures in books and gems and pictures which made it famous; and, although he was justly credited with the possession of no small ability, and took an interest in a considerable number of subjects, he never made

any figure in public such as his ability and his advantages of position combined would have seemed likely to secure him.

The Theatre. Of Mr. IRVING's production of *King Lear* at the Lyceum on Thursday night we hope to write fully next week. Meanwhile it is a pleasant task to record thus briefly a success deserved by all that care can add to art.

MR. BALFOUR AT EDINBURGH.

MR. BALFOUR'S return to the platform at this particular juncture in the affairs of the Government is a misfortune on which no man with a spark of humanity could refuse to condole with them. He could hardly have chosen a worse day for them than the morrow of the opening of the Evicted Tenants Commission, or have had a better text for himself than the extraordinary sayings and doings of its President. With these, however, and with Mr. BALFOUR's observations thereon, we deal elsewhere. His criticism of them, trenchant as it is, is but one of many reminders which he has given to the Government that one of the most formidable of their opponents is again in the field. His speech at Edinburgh the other night was an excellent example of his most "raking" form of attack; and the singularly exposed position into which circumstances have forced the enemy has, on this occasion, rendered his fire even more than usually destructive. It is seldom indeed that a Government lies open at one and the same time to the taunt of having borrowed the denounced policy of their opponents, and to the reproach of having fared as ill with it as though they had had the courage to start a "reversal" policy of their own. Yet this is the present plight of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. One of them after another has been compelled to shelter himself behind the precedents established by the late Government; yet each of them in turn is forced by the necessity of conciliating some section or other of his motley crew of supporters to violate the spirit of these precedents while adhering to them in the letter. Mr. ASQUITH, for example, has had no choice but to recognize the principle that, as Mr. BALFOUR puts it, it is the duty of a Home Secretary to "see that the right of public assembly is not so exercised as to interfere with the rights of private citizens." But, under stress of the necessity of keeping well with the anarchic group of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, he has been obliged to adopt a course which has disgusted the citizen without satisfying the agitator. Lord ROSEBURY, again, would gladly have pleaded the policy of the late Government as a justification for retaining Uganda; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's "disinterested aversion to the British Empire"—his unselfish willingness to break up what he may claim to regard as being in some sense a family property—has reminded Lord ROSEBURY that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, he, too, has his anti-Imperial fautors in the Gladstonian ranks, and the result is see-saw in the Foreign Office as in the Home Department. Even Mr. MORLEY catches at a misapplied section of the Land Purchase Act as a colourable pretext for appointing his Evicted Tenants Commission, though no sooner is it appointed than it shows to all the world that its real mandate is to carry out not the inoperative intention of the Legislature, but the baffled purpose of the Plan of Campaign.

An Administration in such a predicament as this would naturally be at the mercy of a far less acute and powerful critic than Mr. BALFOUR. In his hands they present a truly pitiable spectacle. He has completed the exposure, already nearly accomplished by the Unionist press, of that second and no less disgraceful

Kilmainham Treaty in which the Evicted Tenants Commission had its origin. He has put the finishing touch to the refutation of Mr. MORLEY's case in the controversy with Colonel SAUNDERSON, on the question of affording police protection to sheriffs charged with the execution of legal process. And he has pointed the moral of the repeal of the two outstanding sections of the Crimes Act by connecting it, as in the inevitable order of cause and effect it undoubtedly is connected, with the revival of the National League and the renewal of boycotting. The duty of the Opposition, as Mr. BALFOUR says, is clear. It is to support the Government in so far as "they are engaged in maintaining either the laws of the land or the honour of the Empire"; and whenever they show a tendency to sacrifice either the one to Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN, or the other to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to make use of that adequate power of control over the backsliders which beyond question they possess. It is to be feared, however, that their energies are much more likely to be taxed for the former of these purposes than for the latter.

SELECTION MAKERS.

ÆSOP'S old man and boy with the donkey had not a harder task than the maker of selections and collections of verses. Yet people flock into that profession, and collections are made on every conceivable or inconceivable topic. Anything will do, smoking, shaving, angling, the domestic affections, rivers, dinners, pet animals, for many persons have written one or more pieces on those topics, and then comes the literary gleaner and binds the sheaf with his own pack-thread. It seems to be supposed that people want all the poems on one theme in one bunch. It is odd, too, that while they do not buy poets in the poets' own volumes, and to the poets' own profit, they do buy them in collections, otherwise collections would not be made. The ordinary collector should be, and we hope is, miserable himself, for he is a cause of misery to other people. He is always writing and asking for permission to select things, and his letters have to be answered. Thus he bores those whom he addresses and he irritates those whom he does not address, for they feel slighted. Many poets, we hope, answer the collector that, if people want to read them, they must buy or borrow their books—a position unintelligible to the anthologist. But the uninvited to the picnic sit down and review the neglectful selector who has not asked for their contributions.

The occasion, though not the cause, of these remarks is Mr. WATSON'S *Lyric Love* (MACMILLANS) which we might prefer to call *Love Lyrics*. It has the motto from Mr. BROWNING about "Half angel and half bird"—as if an angel was not half a bird to start with! Mr. WATSON, of course, is not the kind of editor, nor the "Golden Treasury" series the kind of collection, that the most disdainful poet would refuse to welcome. But Mr. WATSON, greatly daring, has introduced the work of the living, unlike Mr. PALGRAVE, and we tremble for him as we think of the wrath of the uninvited. Their name is legion. Safer it is to edit men dead, whose works have passed out of copyright. Another peril of the collector is that he cannot please everybody, everybody finds some things which he "has no use for," and regrets others which he does not find. We might, for example, and we do prefer many omitted Elizabethan lays, almost any, in fact, to some poems by worthy gentlemen still in our midst. Of these Mr. WATSON is not too sparing; but he thinks that there is fanaticism abroad as to the Elizabethans and sham admiration. So he sets to work to vituperate the song-writing of that tuneful

age, "with a few splendid and memorable exceptions." The poets hyperbolically worshipped female lay figures; "the goddess might be constructed from a stock recipe of saccharine ingredients," out of a sugar bowl, perhaps. Well, we open Mr. BULLEN'S *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books* (1887) absolutely at a venture, and hit on "The Amorous Silvy," from JOHN ATTYE'S *First Book of Airs* (1622). That is what you can recommend to a friend; that is singing. We honestly prefer it to—but it would be unkind to mention the works of contemporaries; moreover, it is not their fault that song is not in the air. But, reading the examples here from Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES, who does not perceive with what good right they take a place among the melodies of the Elizabethans? This is because Mr. BRIDGES, by virtue of some grace or of some study, can reply across the ages to the masters of old. "Pranked and bedizened inanities" is a phrase that does not describe Elizabethan love lyrics. Carefully examining Mr. BULLEN'S book, by way of a specimen, we find not a shadow of excuse for all Mr. WATSON'S critical wrath. There is very little in it about "Ivory foreheads, snowy bosoms, and starry eyes," all excellent things in their way. The censure looks like a "fling," a petulant outbreak for which we see no obvious reason. Mr. WATSON'S collection is full of excellent things, it could not be otherwise; but it would have been still more excellent if he were as tolerant of Elizabethans as of Victorians. When he marvels that Mr. PALGRAVE prefers

Ye flowery banks o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds?
And I sae fu' o' care.

to

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?

and so on, we might ask which version he supposes that BURNS preferred? Surely the longer measure, as in "Scots wha hae," was made to suit a musical composer. The collector, of course, cannot please everybody, but he cannot go far wrong when he gives us plenty of SHAKESPEARE, CAREW, SCOTT, SHELLEY, and HERRICK—though we could take a good deal more of HERRICK—and these Mr. WATSON gives us. Some of his moderns, too, bear the terrible test of comparison with these great names very well, which is a comfortable thing. As ANON. was to have a chance, we might have preferred the *Lowlands of Holland* to *The Lass of Lochryan*. LOVELACE'S "Divine Destroyer" pleases less than the song which opens his *Lucasta*:—

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee.

But these are questions of taste, and if every anthology were as good as Mr. WATSON'S their existence would be justified. Only he should not accuse people of "conventional and fictitious admiration" because they like to hear all the Elizabethan angels singing out of heaven. If he does not like it, *tant pis pour lui*.

MINISTERS NOT AT GUILDHALL.

SAVE that it is desirable not to break old and good customs, there might be reasons for doubting whether it is worth any human being's while to write or to read anything about the speeches at the Guildhall on Wednesday last. We have not the slightest intention of saying anything impolite to Lord KIMBERLEY, who, if not an extremely brilliant, is a most respectable, person, and whose conduct in consenting to fill the gap, and to go to the City on a November night after he had made up his mind not to go, must be allowed to be gallant, and may almost be called heroic. Nor do we mean to infer that the positive value of the

information which Lord KIMBERLEY was permitted to vouchsafe was very greatly below what it usually is on such occasions. There are few things more agreeable to the sympathetic student of the humours of life than the annual affectation of expectation that the Prime Minister (or in rare cases some substitute of his) will say something very important at Guildhall, co-existing, as it does, in the minds of all persons cognizant of the world and of history, with the knowledge that the Prime Minister, or his subordinate, scarcely ever *does* say anything of importance, and very seldom even pretends to do so. Nay, it might even be contended by a hardy advocate that the sum of positive information contained in Lord KIMBERLEY'S address rather exceeded than fell short of what is usual. He told us what is satisfactory enough, so far as it goes, that negotiations are going on for an actual "delimitation" of the Pamirs, from which we are justified in inferring that the question is not to be once more let slide, nor are the preposterous claims of Russia to the whole region to be granted by default on our side. He told us, what is very interesting, that Mr. GLADSTONE would have braved Sir ANDREW CLARK, and the dangers of going in a carefully-shut carriage to a carefully-warmed room, and speaking for about a third of the time for which he spoke at Oxford the other day, if the Cabinet had not risen *en masse* and forbidden this rash attempt. No doubt, as we may picturesquely translate Lord KIMBERLEY, they "flung themselves on the heroic man," exactly as Mr. PICKWICK'S followers did on a famous occasion, and held him back. Moreover, Lord KIMBERLEY gave an account of the action of the late Government in regard to Uganda so fair and accurate that it has made his own side grumble at him; and he was generally reasonable, polite, and obliging.

Unfortunately for himself, he was not, by many removes, the speaker whom his hearers wanted to hear. To speak the brutal truth, there are at most four persons in the present Cabinet in whose utterances, apart from departmental matters of fact, the public feels the very slightest interest—Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord ROSEBURY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. By what an extraordinary concatenation of accidents, by what a strangely combined chain of proofs of "the temporary supremacy of the devil," all these four were incapacitated from appearing on the one occasion on which Ministers generally show in a body, the world has partly been informed. Mr. GLADSTONE was prevented by his health, his age, and the weather: yet he would have made light of these, it seems, but for Sir ANDREW CLARK, and now it seems further that he would have made light of Sir ANDREW CLARK if his Cabinet had not laid violent hands on him. It was, so some say, further absolutely impossible that the PRINCE OF WALES could spare Lord ROSEBURY on this particular birthday of his. Mr. MORLEY, "intent on business" and not on mere moves in an angry game, could not possibly think of such frivolous matters as dinner, and speeches after dinner. We do not remember that any public excuse for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S absence has been put forward, but it will have been observed with unfeigned regret that his son was in bed on Wednesday. We shall not be suspected of irony or of ill-feeling when we say quite simply that we hope Mr. HARCOURT is at this moment out of bed, and very well. At any rate, it must surely be agreed that the coincidence of all these great and good reasons in the case of so many great and good men is most unprecedented and most mysterious. Into such mysteries let us not pry. Let us not be idle enough, or rude enough, to ask whether one very obvious and simple explanation, applicable to all four, might not be found. The fault and the fate of too obstinate questioning are both known. Let historians be contented with chronicling the fact that

on the very first occasion for presenting themselves to a distinguished audience of their countrymen after a long exclusion from office, after what they themselves describe as a complete and momentous victory, at a time when there is great curiosity about divers all-important subjects of home and foreign policy, the PRIME MINISTER, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD-LIEUTENANT, experienced a simultaneous, an irresistible, and, to say the least, an insufficiently explained temptation to stay away—and did so.

INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

THERE is certainly no subject concerning which so much undiluted rubbish is talked as what is vaguely termed "the Labour Problem"; and about no part of this subject does one hear more entirely misleading assertions made or more utterly imbecile suggestions put forward than about arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes. We are again and again assured that we want a law of arbitration. But the enthusiastic advocates of industrial peace by Act of Parliament are apparently unaware that for the last sixty years and more we have had upon the statute-book a measure intended to promote the practice of arbitration between masters and workmen, not only in cases in which the dispute relates to claims made under a rate of wages already agreed upon, but also (with the consent of both parties) in cases in which a conflict arises in regard to the rate of remuneration to be paid in the future. The complete futility of legislation in respect to matters of this nature is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that neither this nor two later statutes of a similar character have ever yet been acted upon in any single instance. These ingenious inventions for the artificial production of industrial peace were from the first perceived to be quite unfit to do their work, and have accordingly been long ago relegated to the scrap-heap of oblivion. We shall, no doubt, be told that when a few alterations have been made, the patent peace-making machinery will turn out a complete success. But it is impossible to believe anything of the kind. The essence of all arbitration that is not a mere sham is the power of either party to call in the aid of the law in order to secure the compliance of the other party with the terms imposed by the award of the arbitrator. Is it seriously supposed by those who clamour for a new law to promote industrial arbitration that it will be practicable to enforce by legal pains and penalties compliance with an award given in a trade dispute? If, for example, the arbitrator has found that thirty shillings a week is the "fair" wage for certain work, is it proposed that the workman, if he refuse to go in and do the work at less than thirty-one shillings, or the master, if he decline to keep his factory running unless he gets the work done for twenty-nine shillings a week, is to be marched off to prison?

But if the object of the proposed legislation be not to provide us with a system of industrial tribunals armed with powers adequate to secure obedience to their decrees, what is the good of it? Apparently, the one novel feature of the new arbitration courts is the official or semi-official character which it is intended to give to these institutions. Whether this feature is likely to prove sufficiently attractive to overcome the almost universal distaste with which the method of arbitration is regarded, would seem to be very doubtful indeed.

The antipathy with which the working-classes regard all outside interference in trade disputes has recently been illustrated by the truculent refusal of the Lancashire cotton operatives to adopt the very mild sugges-

tion made by the Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, to which we referred last week. The precise terms in which their rejection of this proposal (which was only that the men and their employers should discuss the matters at issue between them before a number of independent gentlemen selected by the two parties, anything like a suggestion of actual arbitration being studiously avoided) was conveyed are well worthy of note. The resolution passed by the Executive Committee of the Spinners' Trade Union thanks the two Mayors "for their well-meant offer to meddle in the threatened lock-out. Believing, however, that the questions at issue are best understood by the employers and operatives directly concerned, and that they can best be arranged between themselves, the Committee decline to recommend their members to consider any proposition which does not emanate from the employers themselves." To this the Mayor of MANCHESTER replied, expressing "regret that the tone adopted in your resolution is not likely to conduce to a settlement of existing differences." The rejoinder made by the secretary of the Trade Union is couched in the following characteristic language:—"We shall decline to accept lessons in letter-writing or compiling resolutions from 'meddlers' in other people's business who get angry at being told to mind their own. There seems at present to be a tendency amongst the upper classes to try and make a name for themselves on the shoulders of working-men, and then to get them to submit to reductions in wages under the guise of arbitration"; but it is unnecessary to set forth further excerpts from this egregious effusion. It is evident that the mere suspicion of the bare hint of arbitration was enough to irritate the nerves of Mr. MAWDSLEY to such an extent as to temporarily deprive him of all self-control. As when a bull—a right murderous bull, *duro, chocante, carnicero y pegajoso*—charges at the *matador* who has dashed in his eyes the scarlet cloak, even with such furious ferocity does your thoroughgoing Trade Unionist "go for" the misguided mediator who waves before him the hateful flag of truce. With perfect accuracy has Mr. G. HOWELL, M.P., recently declared that "the resuscitation of tribunals of arbitration is very doubtful, for the men praise the proposal on the platform, while they resent outside interference when occasion offers." Nor is the antipathy to arbitration confined to working-men. It constantly occurs that employers decline to refer a dispute with their workmen to arbitration, evincing a by no means unreasonable reluctance to take their chance of being driven into the Bankruptcy Court by the award of a man who, even if he be absolutely unprejudiced, is yet totally ignorant of the special circumstances of the trade. It is incontestable that, in this country at any rate, masters and workmen alike prefer to settle their disputes for themselves either by friendly discussion or by a stand-up fight. And when Englishmen take off their coats the best-intentioned mediation of outsiders is very unlikely to succeed either in averting the conflict or even in inducing the combatants to shorten it by a single round.

In truth, the cry for State Boards of Arbitration and Conciliation is founded, not so much upon the reasoned conviction that institutions of this nature are likely to effect any improvement in the relations between labour and capital, as upon that vague and vehement desire that something shall be done which constitutes the chief of all obstacles to the real and permanent amelioration of society. "Something must be done," no doubt. But the one thing needful above all others is the steady growth of the capacity for seeing both sides of a question. The Labour Problem is, in the main, a moral problem. And whatever view we may take as to the true functions of legislation, there is one thing

that, obviously, cannot be effected by Act of Parliament—the development of moral qualities. We have already the “Act to Consolidate and Amend the Laws relative to the Arbitration of Disputes between Masters and Workmen” (5 GEO. IV. cap. 96), the Councils of Conciliation Act, 1867, and the Arbitration (Masters and Workmen) Act, 1872; and nobody is one whit the better for the existence of these statutes. We can, if we like, pass “The Development of Sweet Reasonableness (Masters and Workmen) Act, 1893.” But we shall be no nearer than before to the reign of industrial peace.

“MR. JUSTICE’S” JUSTICE.

SOMEWHERE about midway in that extraordinary “course of procedure” on which we are none of us to comment if we do not wish the reporters to be evicted while the tenants are being reinstated, Sir JAMES MATHEW let fall an observation of unintentional humour but undeniable truth. “You are treating this Court,” he said to Mr. KENNY, when that intrusive advocate was apparently about to suggest that some of the ordinary forms of justice should be observed, “you are treating this Court as a court of law, which it is not.” It is always as well to guard in every possible way against the risk of misapprehension; and the President of the “Plan of Campaign Commission”—the phrase is Lord CLANRICARDE’S, not, perhaps, too politely employed in a formal communication to the Commissioners themselves, but with strong claims to adoption by an outside critic in virtue of its perfect accuracy—may have delivered himself *ex abundanti cautela* of the remark above quoted. But any one who has been at the pains to read Mr. Commissioner MATHEW’S astonishing harangue at the opening of the proceedings, will be apt to think that superfluous would have been a better word than abundant. Popular notions as to what is or is not a “court of law,” may be somewhat wanting in precision, but there are at least a few items of information on the subject which even the simplest of laymen may fairly be supposed to have mastered. For instance, he knows that it is not customary for the presiding judge to commence what is virtually a penal proceeding against a certain class of his fellow-countrymen, by delivering an elaborate speech for the prosecution; nor usual to quote the section of an Act of Parliament, accompanied by an interpretation of his own which prejudices the main point in dispute before him; nor regular to found a series of presumptions against the persons in question, on the fact that they have not done something which, in his opinion, they ought to have done; nor common, lastly and above all, to inform the first of the aforesaid persons, whose case is coming on for hearing, that so far as the Court is aware “he stands alone,” that no other member of his class “makes common cause with him,” and that “even at the eleventh hour he may see the wisdom” of permitting the Court “to extricate him from the position” which it would seem, great as is his rank, no man “need envy him.” We cannot believe, we say, that the simplest of laymen would fail to detect in these deliverances a certain flavour of innovation upon ordinary legal procedure, or that, after them, there could have been any real necessity for assuring the public through a reply to counsel that “this is not a Court of law.” Mr. Commissioner MATHEW, however, was still apparently doubtful of the success of his efforts to define the tribunal since, after denying to counsel the right of cross-examining a hostile witness—a right which, according to one report, he had expressly undertaken to recognize—he proceeded to bully and browbeat them in a fashion which obliged them, as it would have obliged any other advocates,

with a spirit and a sense of duty, to retire from the case. Whereby, it is to be presumed, the learned President of the Commission has at last satisfied himself that he has made the desired distinction clear. For any man who could have believed after this that he was in a “court of law” must have been also under the hallucination that he was living in the seventeenth century.

It is worth our while, however, to follow the movements of this remarkable member of the High Court of Justice in a little more detail. Indeed, it is only respectful to the Government to do so, since it must be remembered that Sir JAMES MATHEW represents the legal, the judicial, the equitable element in the inquiry, or, at any rate, that, if he be not their representative, they are not represented at all. Sir JAMES, who, as Mr. BALFOUR well put it in the justly indignant review which he took of the Commissioner’s proceedings in his speech at Edinburgh, is “a learned judge in England,” began his work the other day by a performance in the way of statute-interpreting which he has certainly never equalled on this side of St. George’s Channel. He described the 13th section of the Act of 1891 as embodying a declaration of the Legislature that the evicted tenants ought as a body to be “reinstated” —ought to become “practically the tenants of the estate”—irrespective of the question whether they had adopted the Plan of Campaign or not. In other words, the learned logician lays it down that when a statute enacts that A shall be at liberty, if he chooses, to treat B as a person entitled to contract with him, notwithstanding certain disabilities to which B has by his own act subjected himself, that statute really means that B’s disabilities are to be removed, for the purpose of imposing him upon A as a person possessing a first claim to the privilege of the contract. To say that an ex-tenant may be allowed, if he and his landlord mutually agree, to purchase his holding under the Land Act of 1881, as though he were an actual tenant, is the same thing, according to the Chief Commissioner, as saying that the ex-tenant shall be made an actual tenant once more. He talks, as Mr. MORLEY talked before him, and as the whole party whose instrument he has made himself are, of course, obliged to talk, about “reinstatement”—a word and an idea of which the Land Purchase Act knows nothing. As Mr. BALFOUR says, “the policy of permitting the evicted tenants to ‘buy was not a policy of reinstating’ at all. The Government never suggested that the men who had ceased to be tenants—by reason, not, as Sir JAMES MATHEW puts it, of having ‘joined’ a combination to reduce rents, but of having, in pursuance of a criminal conspiracy, made actual default in payment of rent—should become tenants again. The learned Chief Commissioner, who is apparently under the impression that in “our country”—meaning Ireland—an ejectment process may be set on foot by the wicked landlord without any breach of the contract of tenancy on the part of the tenant, may well take peculiar views of the policy of reinstatement; but, as he seems to be also of opinion that a purchaser under the Act of 1891 becomes a “tenant of the State”—a theory which is negatived by nearly every provision of that statute—we ought not to be surprised at any proposition which he has laid down. Undoubtedly the first thing which the Chief Commissioner should do, under his power to “call for records,” is to procure the volume of the statutes containing the legislation of 1892, and a copy of the judgment of Chief Baron PALLES in which he defines, from the legal point of view, the character and incidents of Sir JAMES MATHEW’S “combination to obtain a reduction of ‘rents’”—otherwise and better known as the Plan of Campaign.

We need not follow Mr. BALFOUR in detail through his justly severe criticism on the behaviour of a Commission which, according to Mr. MORLEY's letter to Mr. MCCARTHY, was to "examine and report with 'strict impartiality,'" and which begins by refusing to the representatives of one of the parties the right to examine the witnesses called on behalf of the other. Six weeks ago, when Mr. MORLEY published the letter above referred to, we pointed out that, from the very logic of the case, the "impartial inquiry" must necessarily prove to be what Mr. CARSON has described it, and every honest man in the country recognizes it as being—a "fraud and a sham." We showed that this conclusion followed irresistibly not only from the well-known fact of the Nationalist compulsion under which the Government were acting, but from the very terms of the proposed reference itself. But what we did not and could not predict, and what we confess we were far from expecting, was, that the Government would succeed in carrying out their project by such means and instruments as they have managed to employ. Of the Commissioner who is known in English courts of law as Mr. Justice MATHEW, and whose proper prefix, when he sits at 28 Merrion Square, we must leave it to himself to settle, we wish to say no more than we have been with pain compelled to say already. The resentment which his proceedings provoke is as nothing compared with our indignation and disgust at the tactics of a Government who, to serve their own ends, have hunted up a vehement Nationalist partisan from the English Bench and withdrawn him, to the destruction of all future confidence in his impartiality, from those purely judicial duties in which we are still willing, for our own part, to believe that he is able to put due restraint on his political prepossessions—of a Government, in short, who, after having trafficked with Irish lawlessness and its patrons for six years, have now crowned their achievements by bringing English law in the persons of its administrators into disrepute.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE return of Mr. CLEVELAND has been unexpectedly triumphant. The Democrats have defeated their Republican opponents as completely as they did in the Congressional elections of three years ago. It appears reasonable to believe that in both cases the victory of the Democratic party has been due to the same cause—the unpopularity of the MCKINLEY tariff. That Mr. CLEVELAND would win was always probable, particularly since it has been known that he had come to an understanding with the Mammon of unrighteousness at Tammany Hall, and had thereby made himself fairly secure of carrying the important State of New York. But it had certainly not been foreseen; it had hardly been hoped by his own party that he would gain a victory which would make him practically independent of the Tammany politicians. This, however, is what has happened. Mr. CLEVELAND has secured over one hundred votes more than Mr. HARRISON and General WEAVER, the candidate of the Farmers' Alliance, taken together—the votes meant being, of course, those of the electors who, according to the theory of the United States Constitution, are chosen to select the President.

The recent success of the Republicans in some quarters in regaining the ground lost in the first heat of the reaction against Mr. MCKINLEY's notorious tariff, and the confidence with which that party had appealed for support, on the ground of its extreme Protectionist principles, had led to the belief that the unpopularity of the restrictive commercial policy had been exaggerated. It now appears that this is not the case—or, at

least, not to the extent supposed. Mr. STEVENSON, the new Vice-President, who may be trusted at least to know what things it is considered judicious for a Democratic politician to say, has claimed that the "success of Democracy [namely, the Democratic party]" marked a revolt on the part of the farmers and wage-earners against the MCKINLEY tariff and the high "protective policy of the Republican party." Mr. STEVENSON is obviously one of those who retain that regard for the consumer which is beginning to appear a little antiquated to some among our newer lights. The Republicans had appealed to the country on the ground that they were the true friends of American industry, and the answer received would seem to show that the electors are of Mr. STEVENSON's opinion. There are other reasons for believing that Mr. CLEVELAND has benefited, if not by a movement in favour of free trade, at least by the desire for much less restriction than prevails. The Democratic party has gained largely in the West and North-West among the farmers, who seem at last to be turning restive under the heavy taxation they have been compelled to pay for the benefit of the Eastern manufacturers. The Farmers' Alliance, which is openly hostile to the manufacturers and the syndicates (which could not exist without Protection), has gained all the success which has fallen to it at the expense of the Republicans. It is also natural to believe that late events at Pittsburg have helped to make Americans understand that a thoroughgoing protective policy does not necessarily keep up wages, though it may serve to swell the profits of the capitalist. Other causes have combined to depress the Republicans. Their ill-judged approval of the so-called Force Bill has done much to restore the shaken discipline of the Democratic party in the Southern States. In that section the Farmers' Alliance seemed at one time likely to divide the party. But fear of a Bill which would give real effect to the negro vote has restored its tone, and Mr. CLEVELAND receives the vote of the "Solid South."

It is difficult to calculate on the consequences of the Democratic victory. The American Constitution is so rich in checks and counter-checks that it may be found that the majority of the voters has not yet obtained effective control of the machinery of government. The Democrats have returned their President, and they have a majority in the House of Representatives, but they have only a half of the seats in the Senate. Five of the other half have fallen to the Farmers' Alliance, which will probably act with the Democrats in a revision of the MCKINLEY tariff. But the Farmers' Alliance may well turn out to be a very compromising friend. It is committed to very wild notions indeed on the subject of the currency, and may ask a very high price for its support. Until the Democratic Party possesses an independent majority in the Senate, it may not be able to do much for the liberation of American commerce from restrictions. In the interval the new Administration will certainly be called upon to face the currency question, in which there lie both ample work and the danger of a financial crisis—not only for the United States. As far as our own relations with America are concerned, the result of the election is indifferent. Mr. HARRISON has just interfered impudently on behalf of the Irish dynamiters. Mr. CLEVELAND insisted on the recall of Lord SACKVILLE and did not wait for an answer. In both cases the motive was to curry favour with the Irish vote, and since Mr. CLEVELAND has sworn eternal friendship with Tammany, he will not be less eager for that support than he was before.

TERMINER AND OYER.

IT is not credibly asserted that the Rules Committee of the Judges of the High Court have under their consideration the following draft of Rules for the trial of criminal cases. It is hoped that the Rules will be adopted by the Council of Judges in time to come into operation at the approaching assizes.

COMMISSION OF TERMINER AND OYER.

The Commission of Oyer and Terminer under which Assizes and Gaol Deliveries have heretofore been held, ordering the Commissioners to hear and determine the cases that shall be brought before them, shall no longer be issued. In lieu thereof, there shall be issued a Commission of Terminer and Oyer, ordering the Commissioners to determine and hear such cases.

PROCEDURE.

The Procedure in criminal trials held under Commissions of Terminer and Oyer shall be as follows:—

1. Upon a case being called on, the Judge shall immediately pass sentence upon the prisoner.

Note.—To secure greater uniformity of sentences, it will be expedient that, save in exceptional cases, the sentence pronounced should be the maximum sentence permitted by the law for the offence for which the prisoner is about to be tried.

2. The Judge shall then sum up the case. In doing so he should indicate to the jury the nature of the verdict which, in his opinion, they ought to find.

3. The jury shall then return such a verdict as may seem to the Court to be required by the justice of the case. In the event of the failure of the jury to find, within what the Court may consider a reasonable time, such a verdict as it may seem to the Court that they ought to find, the jury shall be discharged, and the Court shall direct a verdict to be recorded, such as, in the opinion of the Court, the jury ought to have found, and such verdict, so recorded, shall be of the same force and weight as if it had been found by such jury.

4. When the verdict is found or recorded the Court shall call such witnesses for the prosecution as it may deem it desirable to examine.

5. The Court shall examine such witnesses in chief, who shall not be sworn.

6. When the examination of all the witnesses for the prosecution is concluded, counsel for the convict may suggest questions in the nature of cross-examination, and the Court shall put such questions to the witnesses, or otherwise, as may seem to the Court desirable.

7. The Court may, in its discretion, re-examine any witness during or after the cross-examination.

8. As soon as the evidence is concluded the convict shall be briefly informed of the nature of the indictment against him, and shall be allowed to plead Guilty or Not Guilty if he should be so advised. The convict shall then be removed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

9. If any person utters, or any newspaper or periodical publishes, any comment upon the procedure of any Court sitting under a Commission of Terminer and Oyer, such person, or the proprietors, editors, printers, publishers, and staff of such newspaper or periodical, shall be forthwith brought before a Court or a judge, and such Court or judge shall immediately adjudge such person or persons to be guilty of contempt of Court, and sentence him or them to be kept in penal servitude for life or for any period not less than seven years.

10. If any or all of the witnesses for the prosecution do not come to the trial, the Court may, in its discretion, order the gaoler to read in open court the

returns of prisoners convicted of indictable offences at the place where the trial is being held during the preceding year, and a copy of any returns so read shall be furnished to the Secretary of State. [N.B.—Gaolers can procure copies of these returns by applying to the Home Office.]

11. After the reading of such returns, or in place thereof, the Court may proceed—if no witnesses are forthcoming—to view such places where crimes are alleged to have been committed as may seem to the Court expedient. The expenses of such view will be costs of the prosecution.

12. If any counsel engaged in a criminal trial under a Commission of Terminer and Oyer shall say or do anything which may seem to the Court disgraceful or impertinent, such counsel shall be required to take off his wig and gown, and shall forthwith be hanged.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

IT was, perhaps, partly with the intention of showing that it is not only a common detestation of Home Rule which binds himself and his party to his Nonconformist hosts of Thursday night which caused Lord SALISBURY to put Uganda at the beginning of his speech. This is a question on which the Unionists have always been moderate, and are therefore now reaping the approval and the support of men of all parties. The meeting at the Kensington Town Hall, which was going on while Lord SALISBURY was speaking at the Hôtel Métropole, is the last of a series of pieces of evidence that on this point there is practical unanimity in the country. It is, too, not fantastic to think that it was otherwise appropriate to open with a brief reference to a question of patriotism on which the victory is, we may trust, as good as won. From that it was appropriate to go on to the fight in which the victory, though already, we believe, ultimately certain, has yet to be gained.

But the main interest of the speech must, after all, be sought in what Lord SALISBURY had to say on the second and the greater subject. Ireland is what binds him and his hearers most closely. The interest was not sought in vain. In point of form the speaker was never more happy, more completely in that vein in which were made the famous comparison with and apology to the attorneys. The speech was full of those exasperating phrases of which Lord SALISBURY is master—that is to say, "flouts and jeers," which are vehicles for conveying argument. "Mr. GLADSTONE's 'unfailing and verbose optimism'" and "the conceit 'and infatuation of the man who disregards every consideration by which in any ordinary walk or business in life human beings are ordinarily guided, 'in order simply to satisfy the exigencies of a 'pedantic theory'—these words will, no doubt, be added to the long list of Lord SALISBURY's sins against decorum by the members of a party which tolerates the rhetoric of Mr. HEALY. But they convey the note of a possible politician—and then they are but the point and edge of a demonstration from evidence and analogy that the politician is, as a matter of fact, Mr. GLADSTONE. The absurdity of the argument for Home Rule which is, with fatuous persistency, drawn from the self-governing colonies, was never put more convincingly, nor in a more compact space, though the speaker was hampered by obvious considerations from pushing his demonstration to its full extent. It was not for a past and future Prime Minister to point out without necessity that the colonies may govern themselves because they may also separate without ruining the Empire—deplorable as such a step on the part of the least of them would be thought by all patriotic men. What was wanting to this part of Lord SALISBURY's speech was amply supplied by the comparison with

India. The speaker was obviously conscious of a certain malicious pleasure in providing annoyances for the persons who are always accusing him of insulting the Irish, if he compares them to anything at all. The party which has the happiness to include Lord RIBON can hardly say that you insult a man by comparing him to a Hindoo, but not by comparing him to an Indian Mahometan.

The opportunity afforded by the Evicted Tenants Commission—now visibly withering before our very eyes—was one which Lord SALISBURY might be trusted not to miss. Indeed, it would have argued on the part of the Unionist speaker who decided to let it alone either stupidity, or kindness of heart towards the already discredited, carried to the degree of imbecility. Of the first nobody has ever accused Lord SALISBURY, and tender consideration need not be lavished on a body which has shown so little for others. To deal at any length with the part Lord SALISBURY took in inflicting that punishment of the gauntlet which Sir JAMES MATHEW has drawn upon himself is unnecessary. On these occasions one cut differs from another in severity, but it is tedious to insist on matters of detail. Sir JAMES MATHEW will probably remember the exact moment at which he passed Lord SALISBURY with some distinctness. The moral which the speaker drew from the recorded proceedings of the Commission is of less personal and of very great general interest. "If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?" Here, while it is still necessary to consult English feeling, a Commission is appointed to inquire into a dispute between Irishmen, and an English judge, of Irish birth, is chosen to preside, in order that there may be some guarantee for fairness. Yet, it is not at work before it has thrown every consideration of justice and equity to the winds, and has displayed the most violent partisan spirit. What can the Protestants and the landlords look forward to in that day when the Irish clergy and the League see themselves masters of a Parliament and Administration at Dublin, checked only by the veto of the Crown, which, so say the Home Rule members, is to be exercised only on the advice of Irish Ministers. Then there will, indeed, be a "saturnalia for insolvent debtors," and "a time of woe and disaster for all" minorities, whether financial, political, or religious."

OLD GAME LAWS.

EVEN the most juvenile of English histories teaches that for several centuries the great object of legislation, in connexion with game, was to preserve it for the use of the king, and Manwood defined a forest as a place "known in its bounds, and privileged for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts and fowls of forest chase and warren, to be under the King's protection for his princely delight"; but the exclusive preservation of game for the "princely delight" of the monarch was not a custom authorized by universal tradition. Canute promulgated an ordinance in which he willed "that every man be entitled to his hunting in wood and in field on his own possession," and the right of any landowner to kill game on his own property seems to have prevailed, more or less, from a very early date in English history. Ethelred, in the ninth century, and Hoel Dha, in the tenth, legislated with regard to hawking, and the stringent laws of the Norman and the Plantagenet kings in respect to their deer-forests is proverbial. We have not space on this occasion to notice them; and we will only refer to one curious enactment of the Forest Charter, by which it was provided that "every Lord of Parliament, Spiritual or Temporal, sent for by the King," might, "in coming and returning, kill a deer or two in the King's Forest, Chase, or Park," through which he might have occasion to pass, provided he did it in "the View of the Forester, if present"; or, if the latter were absent, he caused "one to blow a horn for him, lest he should seem to steal the King's deer." In the year 1389

a law was passed making the possession of landed property a necessary qualification for killing game, and, with certain alterations and modifications, it remained in force for more than four hundred years. No one might kill game unless he had "lands or tenements to the value of forty shillings by the year, nor any priest or other clerk," unless he were "advanced to the value of ten pounds by the year."

About the year 1600 game-laws began to notice guns. A Scotch Act specially forbade the use of a "hagbut" (no relation, we suppose, to the sackbut, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego), or fowling-piece, as well as of "a fowler-dog." How little the lawgivers then foresaw that in the future much of the private wealth of that country would depend upon fowling-pieces and "fowler-dogs"! We hear of guns again some few years later, in 1630, when Lord President Conway wrote to Secretary Dorchester, stating that the servant of a certain Mr. Eure "came into Ringwood Forest with a piece charged with hail-shot, killed a brace of hares, and would have killed the keeper" had not the keeper overpowered him, and "seized on the piece in right of His Majesty." The keeper succeeded in getting the poacher imprisoned; but "Mr. Attorney" got him out of gaol again, whereupon the poacher turned the tables on the keeper by getting him imprisoned for "seizing his piece." What this piece charged with hail-shot and the "hagbuts" forbidden in Scotland were like we can but conjecture. That great authority, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, writes that "Gunmaking proper, as applied to sport, may be said to have originated in the last years of the seventeenth century"; and he states that "flint locks were brought into England in the reign of William III." We may assume, therefore, that the guns of the Highland sportsmen of the year 1600, and of the poacher just mentioned, "were fired either by means of a slow match, or else by a notched wheel fixed near the touchhole."

A remarkably mild and polite official declaration on the subject of poaching was made on behalf of King James I., in the year 1604. "He had hoped, seeing his subjects know how greatly he delights in hunting, that none would have offered offence to him in his sports." He admits "that gentlemen of the better sort have behaved as those who know their duty, but not some" (gentlemen, apparently) "of the baser sort"; and then it is observed that "the King and his posterity liking this recreation, it seems strange that any should use more license in his grounds than they would allow in their own." The forest laws "are as ancient and authentic as the Great Charter," and offences against them "show insolence and want of reason." After a long preamble in this strain, he announces his intention to enforce "against all stealers and hunters of deer the penalties authorized by the present laws," and he ends by hoping "that, after such a warning, he shall not have occasion to exercise them." How lamentably have we fallen in style and courtesy in our modern and laconic notice, "Trespassers found here will be prosecuted"! When we think of the angry letters which country neighbours address to each other about infringed sporting rights, how gentle seems the same King's letter to Lord St. John, remonstrating with him for allowing his son to hunt "with a kennel of hounds" and kill a stag in the Royal forest, "which is strange, as he could not but know that we are careful of the game." "Nor that we would have disliked your hunting in your own wood," "knowing that you may so order it as to have your recreation." Five-and-twenty years later a game-preserver wrote more strongly when he objected to the doctrine that "any one ought to be allowed to kill game anywhere" as "a damnable opinion of a Puritan." In the reign of Charles II. only those who were "esquires, or otherwise privileged," and had "leasehold property 150*l.* a year, or 100*l.* from freehold," were allowed to keep or use "guns, bows, greyhounds, ferrets, coney-dogs, lurchers, hays, nets, lowbels, hare-pipes, snares, or other engines for the taking or killing game."

Pope writes of pheasant-shooting being practised in Windsor Forest in the reign of Queen Anne, and that a pheasant may have occasionally come within range of a shower of "hail-shot" is likely enough. In the early days of the Royal House of Hanover, when hawking was falling into disuse, and guns were still so bad that it can have been little, if any, pleasure to use them, country-gentlemen took to netting, much on the principle followed in our own times by poachers. "Setting-dogs" were trained to creep up to the game, and then lie down, allowing the net to be drawn over themselves as well as the birds. In the course

of the seventeenth century, Blackstone wrote of "a bastard slip known by the name of the Game Law, now arrived at and wantoning in its highest vigour," but when Blackstone was only four years old, a book was published on *The Game Law*, "In the Savoy," "at the Lamb without Temple Bar." In the Preface it speaks of "the Poaching and Murdering Arts of the inferior sort of People," and it gives the definition that "Game signifies Prey." The pulling down of deer-park palings at night for firewood is not a very uncommon offence of cottagers in our own times; but in 1727 a person who committed it was liable to a fine of 30*l.*, or to "suffer a year's imprisonment, and stand in the Pillory one Hour on a Market-Day in some town next to the Place where the Offence was committed." Any one who even wounded a deer in a park or enclosed ground was to be transported "to the Plantations" for seven years. The penalty for burning heather or gorse on a moor between February 12th and June 24th was imprisonment for from ten days to a month in a gaol, and the prisoner was "there to be whipp'd and kept to hard labour." Keepers of parks might "justify the killing of any person that" came "to hunt and kill game wrongfully." It was felony to find and carry away a "Falcon, Lanner, or Lanneret" without taking it to the sheriff of the county, "though for this felony," it is comforting to read, the offender was to "have his Clergy." The latter clemency, however, was not shown to any one who should "steal Fish out of any Pond," for he was to be "adjudged guilty of Felony, without Benefit of Clergy." As to the clergy themselves, Sir Edward Coke is quoted as observing "that although Spiritual Persons are prohibited by the Canon Law to hunt game; yet by the Common Law of the Land for their Recreation, and to make them fitter for the Performance of their Office, they may use the Diversion and Exercise of Hunting." No one might in those days make a park or warren without the royal license. A "Dove-Coat" was a "Nusance," and nobody might "newly erect" one, except the Lord of the Manor. On the other hand, any person killing or taking pigeons was to pay 1*l.* per pigeon, for the use of the poor of the parish in which the offence was committed, or else be sent to gaol for three months. It may be a consolation to fishermen who regret the rule which prevails on certain waters, that fish under prescribed lengths must be thrown back again, to know that it is not without ancient precedent. In the book of game laws, from which we have just been quoting, it is laid down that no salmon under sixteen inches, or pike under ten, or trout under eight inches, may be taken out of any river, and this law had then been in force for more than one hundred and fifty years.

The first regular tax for killing game was instituted in the reign of George III., and the amount of it was two guineas. Many years afterwards it was raised to three guineas, and, later still, to three and a half guineas, to be yet again altered to three guineas, as at the present time. The qualification from estate was abolished in the year 1831. Notice of any later legislation respecting game would be beyond the province of this article.

THE ACCIDENT AT THIRSK.

AMONG the scant legislative achievements of last Session is an Act entitled the Witnesses (Public Inquiries) Protection Act. This Act for the first time affords to witnesses before Commissions, Parliamentary Committees, and similar tribunals, the protection which the regular law courts have always afforded them. But the law courts have not merely protected their witnesses from deliberate intimidation; they have also prevented the course of justice being interfered with, and jurymen, actual or potential, being biased by the irresponsible comments of outsiders on questions still *sub judice*. It seems to be high time that the Act of last Session should be followed up by an Irresponsible Comment (Public Inquiries) Prohibition Act. The inquiries being held at Thirsk, both before the Coroner and before the Board of Trade Inspector, are practically judicial—had one question put by Major Marindin to the signalman Holmes been answered otherwise, they might have been practically criminal—proceedings, and yet comment both on the evidence and on the conduct of every one concerned in the case has been unrestrained throughout. Had the story originally told to the press by the signalman Holmes (with whom, as matters have turned out, it is impossible not to sympathize) broken

down on further investigation, he must have been placed on his trial for manslaughter; and where could have been found the jurymen who had not prejudged his case to start with? A cynic might suggest a further reason for such an Act. A close time for critics, even if it lasted only a week from the date of the occurrence, would prevent not a few worthy persons from making themselves somewhat ridiculous. In the *Times* of Monday last, for instance, two different people make proposals which any railway lad-porter or booking-office boy could have told them were simply absurd. Two days afterwards, another person, whom from the fact that he appears in all the dignity of large print we may assume to be highly distinguished, sums up in a single letter, under the title "How to make a railway collision," all the crudities to which all the other newspaper critics have individually given utterance. With his last two words alone it is possible to agree, and even then not perhaps exactly in the sense intended.

Let us consider in more detail what is the value of a few of the various proposals for obviating accident—for compelling human volition, that is, to act with the inexorable certainty of a law of nature—that have been made by our amateur railway managers. We are told, for instance, that in the Thirsk accident the Pullman car was hardly damaged; therefore we should abandon our system of compartments altogether, and adopt cars constructed on the American system and entered only from the ends. To this the answer is twofold. First, that, though a Pullman car in the middle of a series of ordinary carriages is undoubtedly the safest place, the public usually prefer to run the extra risk (as is proved by looking at any ordinary Midland day express, where the Pullman cars are available to first-class passengers without extra charge, and yet are left almost empty), and that railway-carriage builders are not the masters but the servants of the travelling public. Secondly, that, though a single Pullman car is safe in a collision where there are weaker carriages on either side of it to be crushed against it, a train entirely composed of Pullmans has no such immunity. This, at least, appears to be the lesson of American experience, which shows further that the impossibility of exit except by breaking a way through the solid sides of the cars with axes and hammers has added a new and very real element of danger from which our compartment carriages are exempt. Again, another amateur declares that the gas with which the carriages were lighted exploded, and set them on fire; that he always knew it would; and that gas-lighting ought to be immediately put a stop to. It now seems pretty clear that the fire came, in fact, not from the gas-reservoirs, but from the fire-box of the locomotive. Take it even that there is a risk; gas has unquestionably caused one accident—not in England, but in Germany—since it was first introduced about thirty years ago. Does the public—a public which lights its ball-rooms with candles in lace and paper shades—object to run the risk, and prefer the safety of the glimmering oil-lamp? For paraffin is really more dangerous than gas, while electricity is practically out of the question under normal service conditions.

Here is a much more serious impeachment of railway management as at present existing, which "Indignans" shall give in his own burning words:—"You, without notice, divide the Scotch express, and send the two portions careering along the line, trusting that every signalman will observe and interpret the significance of two tail-lamps attached to the rear of the first portion of the train. Not content with this, you gaily start a goods train to dodge in and out between the two portions of the express, and . . . do not even take the trouble to tell the signalmen how far the second portion of the express is behind the first." It needs only an elementary acquaintance with the method of block-working to know that it was, strictly speaking, of no importance to the signalman at Otterington or Manor House boxes, where, we are told, "there was no room to shunt the goods train," whether the express was running in one portion or twenty. The business of these men could only be to pass each train as it reached them, whether goods or express passenger, into and out of their section without delay. More than one train at a time they could not accept; there was no reason why they should ever accept less as long as there was anything signalled forward to them. As for observing and interpreting the two tail-lamps, any lad after a month's experience on the line could tell "Indignans"—who apparently would look upon signal-flags or signal-rockets as mere bits of bunting or displays of fireworks

whose meaning no seaman could be expected to trouble himself about—that every signalman is bound to watch for the tail-lamp, as otherwise he could not know that the train had not broken asunder, and left a portion within his section; and that the difference between two lamps and one lamp is as obvious as the fact that twice one makes two. As for the goods train dodging between two expresses, half an hour devoted to the study of the rudiments of block-signalling should teach a critic that the essence of the block-system lies precisely in the fact that thereby goods trains and expresses can be run indiscriminately with perfect safety. Substitute for the goods train—which, in fact, was delayed by the sudden torpor of the signalman's faculties—the first portion of the express, and it will puzzle "Indignans" to explain why the accident should not have been twice as disastrous as it was in fact.

But enough of this. Another point, however, cannot be left unnoticed. Holmes's mistake was absolutely unconnected with the number of hours which he was normally called on to work. He had been less than eight hours on duty, after an interval of fourteen hours off duty, when the accident occurred. But an eight-hours day is the popular cry of the moment, and so the Thirsk accident is made to serve as an argument in its favour. An eight-hours day by all means—if either the public or the signalmen are prepared to pay the price. But are they? Then, again, it is urged that there should always be two men in each box, so that the one may act as a check upon the other. Restraining one's impulse to quote irreverent rhymes, and to ask why two? why not at least an umpire in case the two disagree? one may, perhaps, inquire whether people who make such proposals realize what they mean. The employment of six men—three gangs of two, each working for eight hours—instead of two men, each working for twelve hours, as at present, would imply, in round figures, an increase of working expenditure of about 1,500,000*l.* per annum—in other words, would cut off a half per cent. from the dividend on Ordinary stock, would confiscate, that is, 10 per cent. of the capital value of that stock. Seeing that in the year 1891 one passenger in every 180 millions lost his life by a train accident, that not one of these accidents could have been prevented by double-banking all the signal-boxes, that, further, the railway experts are clearly of opinion that such a course would increase rather than diminish the risk of accident, one may be forgiven for asking whether the game is really worth the candle.

It may be said, "Has the Thirsk accident, then, no lessons?" Certainly it has. But the lessons are of two very different kinds. For the railway experts, who, we may assume, add to the ordinary humanity which leads them to desire to avoid the sacrifice of human life a further desire to spare their Company a bill for compensation of perhaps 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.*, the lesson has already come home. And that lesson is that the last word in perfecting signal appliances has not yet been spoken. Our arrangements are already, take them for all in all, without equal or second, the most perfect in the world. But it is possible that, by the adoption either of the Sykes electric lock and treadle system, or of a purely automatic system, such as the Americans so much favour, they may be improved still further. Any reasonable expenditure for this end—at least on main express routes—will be money well spent. For the lay public, on the other hand, the lesson is one which it is much harder to learn, precisely because it has so often been taught that it has become the dullest of platitudes, being, indeed, expressed in old-fashioned proverbs. But if only the public will realize that collisions such as that at Thirsk must, humanly speaking, occur from time to time; that a body striking with an impact of 20,000 foot-tons can hardly strike without dramatically terrible consequences; if each member of the public will realize that the chance of such a disaster happening to him individually is, after all, quite too infinitesimal for calculation, perhaps when the next bad accident comes we shall receive the news with less unreasonable emotion.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE strike, or lock-out, or whatever it is to be called, in the cotton trade seems likely to be followed soon by another struggle, on a scale at least as great, in an industry even more important. Since 1875 wages in the South

Wales coal trade have been regulated by a sliding scale which, though frequently modified, has worked well upon the whole, and contributed to prevent any great labour dispute. Some time ago, however, the workpeople, while expressing themselves in favour of the principle of a sliding scale, contended that the present arrangement is not fair to them, and therefore they gave notice of its termination at the end of the year, unless certain modifications were made. Since then they have demanded: firstly, that the press be admitted to all meetings of the Sliding Scale Joint Committee; secondly, that an umpire be appointed in all cases of dispute; thirdly, that wages be advanced or reduced 10 per cent. for every shilling, in a manner set out; and, fourthly, that both parties should take common action to keep up the selling price of coal. The employers have rejected all four demands, intimating that, in the present state of trade, a reduction of wages has become necessary. The representatives of the workpeople, on their side, refuse to discuss any proposal less favourable than the present sliding-scale arrangement, and so the matter stands at the present time. It is to be hoped that a settlement of the dispute will be arrived at; if not, it is possible that it may spread very seriously. The South Wales workpeople are not affiliated to the Miners' Federation; but it is feared that if there is a real dispute between themselves and their employers they may go over in a body to the Federation. If they do, there is no foreseeing how the quarrel may spread, for the Miners' Federation profess that they are able to prevent reductions of wages; while, on the other hand, the South Wales employers, as already said, allege that they cannot go on paying the present rate of wages. Without taking upon ourselves to decide whether the present rate of wages is or is not too high—a matter which an outsider cannot possibly judge of—there can be no doubt at all that trade is bad. For fully two years it has been falling off in every direction, and the depression is greatest in international trade. The demand, therefore, for steam-coal is very small. At the same time the iron trade is in a bad way, and the demand for coal for iron manufacture, as everybody knows, is an important factor in the prosperity of the coal trade. Lastly, the shipbuilding industry is languishing. In every direction, then, the influences affecting the coal trade throughout the United Kingdom are unfavourable, and, *prima facie* at least, it seems not improbable that the contention of the South Wales employers is based upon fact. In any case, it seems to have been unwise on the part of the workpeople to raise a question as to the sliding-scale just now. Had they done so when every industry in the country was prospering, before the Baring crisis, their action would have been intelligible, but to allege at the present time that a scale which they were contented with while things were going on well is unfair to them now does not seem very wise. It is to be recollected, however, that during the past eighteen months very considerable reductions have been made in their wages, and probably they have come to the conclusion that this would not have been possible were it not for the existing sliding-scale arrangement. In any event the middle of winter, at a time when every kind of business throughout the United Kingdom is depressed, is an exceedingly unfavourable one for raising such a question and risking a dispute that may throw the whole of the workpeople out of employment, and bring distress and suffering upon their families. And it would be doubly unfortunate if the dispute were to extend beyond South Wales. If, for example, the quarrel there were to result in an adhesion of the miners to the Federation, the Federation authorities might feel bound to interfere, and that might lead to disputes elsewhere, and possibly to action which would aggravate the trade depression, already great enough.

The Treasury Bills offered for tender on Monday were taken at lower rates than had been expected. The twelve months' bills were placed at a trifle over 2½ per cent., and the three months' bills at about 2¼ per cent. Since then rates in the open market have given way, and the quotation for three months' bank bills is now no better than 2½ per cent. The decline is mainly due to the stoppage of gold exports. As speculation is stagnant and trade declining, there is extremely little demand for banking accommodation, and therefore the instant alarm respecting gold shipments subsides, rates give way. It is unfortunate that the Bank of England does not exert itself more vigorously to support the market, for at any moment the Russian withdrawals of gold may begin again.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, and probably we are near another considerable fall. Mr. Cleveland's election as President of the United States makes it more probable than ever that the purchases of the metal by the United States will soon be stopped. It is true that the newly-elected Congress will not meet until December of next year, unless it is called together by a special summons from the President. But it is to be recollected that the Congress comes into existence at midday on the 4th of March, and that the President may summon it to meet then or as soon after as he pleases.

The Board of Trade returns for October are again unfavourable. It is to be recollected, of course, that there were five Sundays in the month this year, and only four in October of last year. But, even allowing for one day less, and also for the decline in prices, the returns are not satisfactory. The value of the imports was a little under 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, a decrease compared with the corresponding month of last year of about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was a little under 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, a decrease of nearly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, or about 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The strike in the cotton trade, and the dispute in the South Wales iron trade, together with the great depression in agriculture, are almost sure to exercise a still further unfavourable influence.

There has been a good deal of business during the week in South African gold, diamond, and land shares, and prices are good. In almost every other department, however, there is discouragement and lack of activity. The depression in agriculture and the decline of trade are weighing upon all home securities. The action of the Russian Government in accumulating such vast amounts of unemployed gold, and its political activity, are causing uneasiness upon the Continent as well as here, while the silver crisis is warning all operators to be careful how they increase their risks. Mr. Cleveland's victory in the United States, too, is likely to have an unfavourable influence upon the American Stock market. The Democrats, apparently, will have a majority in both houses of Congress, and they are pledged, if not exactly to Free Trade, at all events to a sweeping reduction of Customs duties. The McKinley tariff is certain to be repealed, and probably even the old duties will be greatly lowered. In the long run a more liberal tariff policy must have a very stimulating effect upon all American industries, but immediately it will cause a disturbance in trade, and will raise apprehensions in the minds of manufacturers who have been working hitherto on the assumption that they would continue to be protected from foreign competition. Mr. Cleveland, too, may reasonably be counted upon to carry out a wiser currency policy, which means, of course, the stoppage of silver purchases. The Democratic victory, therefore, is likely to check speculation in the American market, and so to increase the stagnation on the Stock Exchange.

The very best securities have advanced somewhat during the week. Consols closed on Thursday at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Indian Sterling Three per Cents also closed at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$. There was not much change in Colonial stocks, and Home Railway stocks have not been moved much. Lancashire and Yorkshire, however, closed on Thursday at 104 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Eastern Consols closed at 154 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the speculative securities have been rather neglected, and there has not been much alteration in dividend-paying shares. Lake Shore closed on Thursday at 137 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Louisville and Nashville closed at 71 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Illinois closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. Rupee-paper closed at 65 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Other silver securities have not much given way. Inter-Bourse securities are generally somewhat higher, though not much. Greeks of 1884 closed on Thursday at 66, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; Spanish closed at 63 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Italian closed at 92 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. The advance in Argentine securities, and, indeed, in all other South Americans, has continued. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock closed at 80-2, a rise of 1, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 126-8, a rise of 2. Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 72 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 73, a rise of 1; Uruguayan New Three and a Half per Cents closed at 36 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Costa Rica "A" closed at 65-9, a rise of 3.

THE EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

THE accounts of the late war in Chili, although it exhibited a strange mixture of venerable tactics, obsolete weapons, and ignorance side by side with the very newest warlike inventions, torpedoes, Krupp guns, and repeating rifles, coming, as it did, at a moment when data other than those derivable from practice ranges and manoeuvres were lacking, have been eagerly scanned by soldiers on the chance of finding something real and tangible to go upon. Even the most dogmatic of theorists must feel occasionally some "honest doubt" as to what really will happen when the outcome of twenty years of science is tested in the alembic of hard facts. And in spite of conditions which must vitiate conclusions, there are still a few valuable lessons to be learnt from the incongruous and meagre reports of the struggle. The human element is too often disregarded in the lecture-room and at manoeuvres, battles are decided, as we hope political questions will not be, by the counting of noses, officers are all regarded as of equal ability, and there is no room for that "personal equation" which has ever proved itself the most decisive influence of all.

Balmaceda's, or what may be called the Government, party possessed a paper army of 52,000 men, of which, however, no more than 27,000 had any real existence; it had cavalry armed with Winchester repeating-rifles, and an artillery chiefly equipped with Krupp cannon. Opposed to it was a force which, when war broke out, was represented by but 300 volunteers, which had the navy at its back, it is true, but which had to train and organize and build up from the very beginning all that complicated machine which a modern army represents.

What, however, gave the Constitutional army, when it took definite shape, an immense advantage, was the fact that it was officered by men who, if they had at first no military knowledge, were yet animated by patriotism, were possessed of intelligence and force of character, and were of such superior social position that a habit of command came naturally to them. Finally, at the head of the hastily raised army, if not nominally, at any rate in reality, was one Lieutenant-Colonel Körner, an officer who had been a captain of artillery in the Prussian service until 1885. At that time he was employed as instructor in artillery at the great war school in Berlin; but the high pay of Professor of Artillery in the Escuela Militar of the Republic tempted him to leave Germany, and he served his new masters so well that two or three years before the troubles broke out he had been advanced to be their Assistant-Director of Military Education at Valparaíso. It was by this man's zeal and ability that the overthrow of Balmaceda was brought about, although with a self-abnegation and tact that does him credit he has allowed another to bear the honours. For it was thought that a too distinctly marked foreign influence might be unpopular with the party of national freedom, and therefore the real leader was content to veil his personality behind that of General Canto, and figured officially as a mere secretary to him.

None the less, however, was it Körner's energy and knowledge which organized brigades, a competent staff, baggage-train, and departmental troops out of chaos, which instructed the various component parts in their duties, and made the infantry adopt formations suited to the modern weapons which they carried. It was by him that three small divisions, or rather brigades, each with its complement of the three arms, were formed at Iquique; it was he who tried to show them the value of discipline, and placed in their hands those Mannlicher rifles which their opponents should have had; and, moreover, spared no pains in personally teaching them how to use them to advantage. The same active brain set the cavalry to reconnoitre and do outpost duty. Otherwise the consignment of 5,000 "Gras" rifles with two million rounds of ammunition, the three million Mannlicher cartridges, the six Krupp guns of newest construction, with 1,700 common shells, and 1,000 shrapnel, which was received on the 3rd of July, would never have been turned to the good account they were. It is impossible in a short

article such as this to detail or criticize the various operations which took place. It is enough to say that success justified the somewhat venturesome dash at Valparaiso undertaken by Körner's advice with raw levies that had not been six months under arms. But success in war must usually be held sufficient justification, and risks may be incurred under one set of circumstances which would be unpardonable under another. Balmaceda's men had shown themselves badly trained; they were known (and Körner had better opportunity of judging in this respect than any one) to be indifferently led, and no impulse of a moral character held them together or urged them on. Their opponents, on the other hand, were fired with a fervour which it was dangerous and even impossible to restrain, and it was judged wiser, with more or less undisciplined men, to take advantage of the swell of popular feeling, "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," than wait perhaps till the glow had cooled. As regards the manner in which the troops of the Opposition were handled on the battle-field itself there is little fault to be found, and even experienced soldiers need not be too proud to learn something here from the amateurs. What will astonish every one but those who remember that human nature remains much the same in all ages is, that, in spite of breechloaders and Krupp cannon, it was with cavalry that all the honours of the campaign rested. At Concon, on the 21st of August, they played a prominent rôle, while at Placilla a week later it was by them that the decisive blow of the day was delivered. Read by the glare of these conflicts, the good old times of Seydlitz seem once more with us, and the *arme blanche* is to have its own again. True it is that the battalions the horsemen overturned had fired away all their cartridges, and that the troopers who should have opposed them were "otherwise engaged." Nevertheless the art of war is to reap the benefit of circumstances, and opportunity was in this case seized and turned to good account with the swiftness and decision of the greatest captains of old. Yet, after all, what will interest every one in Europe more than the accounts of charging squadrons, positions turned, or rivers forded, is the behaviour of the magazine rifle with its bullet sheathed in steel according to the most scientific fashion of the age. A practical experiment on a gigantic scale was, in fact, carried out during this campaign with a weapon almost precisely similar to that adopted in the German and Austrian armies, and differing but very little from the one we are ourselves armed with. The necessity for a strict fire discipline, together with one of the most imminent dangers of the magazine system, were strikingly exemplified at the battle of Concon, when the Constitutionalists waded across the Aconagua to attack their opponents in position on the high ground beyond. The officers endeavoured to prevent their men from opening fire till within six or seven hundred yards of their opponents, but in many cases their efforts were in vain, and after two or three hours' fighting both sides had got rid of nearly all their ammunition, although each man of the attacking infantry carried from 150 to 200 rounds into action on his person. At the subsequent action of Placilla the troops of the Constitutional party were perhaps held a little better in hand; but on the other side, as we have said, the infantry exhausted their cartridges as before. Nevertheless the flat trajectory and accuracy of the new weapon seem to have delighted those who carried it, and these qualities rather than its long range appear to have been most appreciated and made use of. The manner in which it stood campaigning seems also to have been satisfactory considering that the rifles were placed in hands but for a very short time accustomed to their use. It is said that seven or eight per cent., however, became unserviceable; but in the two battles in which they were used they were each fired, on an average, from 150 to 200 times in two or three hours.

The effect as regards maiming power of the new small bores has been much canvassed by medical men, and the light thrown on this gruesome side of the experience gained will, therefore, also be of considerable interest. The new rifle, if what we hear is correct, appears to be a humane weapon. Its wound is either decisively mortal, or it heals quickly without complications. Even at long distances bones were bored clean through without the steel envelope becoming detached from the lead, and there was therefore none of that splintering of bones which causes so much difficulty usually in gunshot wounds. As regards artillery matters, the armament of both sides, comprising as it did various natures of ordnance, gave little hope of valuable experiences being gained.

We find, however, that the effect of the battery of new-pattern Krupp guns which the victors possessed was very marked; and, when we consider that comparatively untrained gunners worked the guns, much encouragement for the future is given to artillerymen.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that much of what we have said in praise of the troops of the Opposition is only to be interpreted relatively. The accounts of their own officers show that the faults commonly observable in all hastily raised armies were by no means absent amongst them. Insubordination, developing at times almost into mutiny, was frequently to be found, and, had they been opposed to a more enterprising adversary, a swift counter-attack might easily have made them pay dearly for their lack of discipline in action. Such waywardness is usually manifested most especially in a reckless waste of ammunition, and so it was in this case. Indeed, it was made evident, as all reflecting men prophesied would be the case, that a repeating rifle in the hands of any but a highly drilled and disciplined force may truly prove a two-edged weapon. If men are not to find themselves defenceless at the supreme moment, when they most need their arms, they will have to be controlled by the bonds of a fire discipline most powerful and inflexible. To create and develop such a grasp, we must enforce discipline on the drill ground and in the barrack square, and the habit of obedience must have become so invariable in peace time that it is intuitive on the battle-field. Otherwise repeating rifles and quick-firing guns will only supply a vent for excitement, and aid men to get rid rapidly of a weighty encumbrance in the shape of cartridges. Too great eagerness may prove as disastrous as a panic, and the best armed troops in the world, if they lose their heads, may in a few hours render themselves as defenceless as a flock of sheep. Let those who study the "Zeitgeist" think of these things, and consider when they wink at insubordination that the march of science, if it gives improved weapons, has by no means as yet enabled us to dispense with what is as necessary to their efficiency as powder and percussion-caps. Indeed, unless the man who holds it be well disciplined and carefully trained, a match rifle is less dangerous to the foe opposite than a blunderbuss. For, if the bead be not accurately drawn, it is a matter of absolute certainty that the bullet will skim harmlessly into space. With the clumsier and more old-fashioned article no one could tell with nicety where the ball would go to; it was pretty sure, indeed, to hit somebody in front, even if he were not the man intended for destruction. But in the "fatal facility" of the modern small-bore lies its most obvious weakness, and without the self-restraint that is brought about by the drill-sergeant men with muskets may find themselves no better armed than men with clubs.

THE THEATRES.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES has been delivering a lecture, containing much matter that is not distinguishable from nonsense, deploring the lamentable fact that people will go to the theatre to be amused. They always have done so, and Mr. Jones must try to be as happy as he can in face of the melancholy assurance that they always will. We sadly fear that Mr. Jones will not at all approve of two pieces which have made audiences merry during the last few days; for both are, it must be admitted, extremely amusing, though there is, perhaps, a great deal more art in both of them than Mr. Jones might suspect, and, for our own part, we must confess a total inability to understand why there should be the divorce between art and amusement which he pronounced in his address. It has been irreverently suggested that the author of the very passable melodrama, *The Silver King*, of the very poor quasi-historical play *The Lord Harry*, of the feeble and fantastic *Crusaders*, and other works of varying merit, has no special claim to deplore the lack of intellectuality around him, and to set up as a teacher; we also think it is the business of a playwright to make plays, and not to tell playgoers what he thinks they ought to like best. Sheridan and Goldsmith, it is urged, did not preach on the true principles of comedy. One of them showed what those principles were by writing *The School for Scandal*, and the other by the composition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and here comes in the old adage about the ounce of practice and the pound of precept. Even when

Sheridan and Goldsmith had written their plays, they did not give lectures about art—Sir Benjamin Backbite is somewhat in that vein, by the way—and Mr. Jones has yet to write his *School for Scandal*.

In pursuit of the fascinating subject of Mr. Jones, however, we are losing sight of the theatres and of the two pieces just mentioned. The first of these is the clever farce by Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. F. C. Philips, *The Burglar and the Judge*. It was worth doing well, and it is well done. A burglar with a sense of humour is a novel and delightful personage, and we fear we shall have to shock Mr. Jones by the assertion that there is something really artistic as well as amusing about the Burglar whom Mr. Brookfield presents, and the Judge as acted by Mr. Cyril Maude. Joe has a keen eye for the silver, but still more agreeable to him is the spectacle of his old enemy, Mr. Justice Gyves, "Geoffrey," as he familiarly calls his lordship, entirely in his power. With the Judge's stupefied servant fast asleep upstairs might is right, and so the burglar makes "Geoffrey" drink "Success to crib-breaking," smoke a short clay pipe, and dance a wild fandango, arrayed meantime in the judicial robes, and appreciates all this—the opportunity of severely taking "Geoffrey" to task for various little characteristic weaknesses more than anything else—even more than the plunder. The other piece we cannot help commending, even at the risk of shocking Mr. Jones, is *The Arabian Nights*. Mr. Sydney Grundy has not reasonably explained the arrival of Miss Rosa Colombier, the Gutta Percha Girl of the music-halls, at the house of the impulsive Mr. Arthur Hummingtop, who has been wandering about the streets, fired by the example of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and has so come across the young lady. There is a lack of ingenuity there, for the Gutta Percha Girl ought to be introduced with some plausibility; but we really cannot avoid the description of artistic for Mr. Charles Hawtrey's exposition of the troubles of Hummingtop, driven by circumstances from one fiction to another till he is securely fastened in the middle of that tangled web which the poet says we weave when first we practise to deceive. No actor does this sort of thing with the unobtrusive art Mr. Hawtrey displays. His Hummingtop is a cordial supporter of the theory advanced by Plautus as to the

Optimum mendacium

Quicquid dei dicunt, id rectum est dicere,

and he carries it out in the most diverting way. Mr. Penley and Miss Venne are amusing in more conventional fashion.

Another novelty is a study of morbid insanity at the Garrick, a theatre which is likely to lose its rank among playhouses of the better sort unless it is fully comprehended that managers sometimes let their theatres and are not responsible for what takes place in them. *David*—as this very tiresome, and indeed exasperating, piece is called—is not really a play, for there is no reasonable plot at the bottom of it all. In a very few plays by dramatists of unquestioned genius—Shakespeare, and one or two others—insanity has been episodically treated with effect; but to make the action of a play rest mainly upon the aberrations of a maniac is altogether a different matter. The stage, we hold, is most assuredly not the place for the discussion and illustration of abstruse psychological matters by amateur authors with no knowledge of psychology. That is our objection, and it is a very decided one, to *David*. A doctor, who has become insane through the study of insanity, tries to poison a friend in order to prove that the commission of an absolutely motiveless crime is not likely to be traced to the perpetrator. No one doubts it. The play is not worth criticism.

THE SCOTTISH CONSERVATIVE.

THERE are those who almost doubt whether such a being as a Tory exists in Scotland. These sceptics are apt to judge by appearances, they know that five of the Ministers who now sit in Cabinet Council have only been able to find seats in Scotland. They have shuddering remembrances of what "a Scotch night" means in the House of Commons, and they know that Scotland runs second to Ireland in providing Mr. Gladstone with his present majority.

It might have enlightened persons possessed of the turn

of mind we have described as sceptical, to have attended the meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations, held in the Corn Exchange of Edinburgh on Tuesday night, and addressed by Mr. Balfour, whose chief claim on their affections is that he is a Scotchman first, and, secondly, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour is not, perhaps, a speaker who will ever send an electric thrill through a great audience by the power of his language. The merit of his speaking lies in its polished and literary grace, coupled with a fearless exposition of what the speaker feels to be the truth of the position he is dealing with. There are no appeals to passion, and his lips are never touched with the living fires of oratorical metaphor. Great meetings have been roused to intense enthusiasm at the sight of him, in days when he has come before them fresh from some Irish victory or from some keen contest waged with the Irish members across the floor of the House. But the glow of generous admiration has never quickened the measured calm of his utterances, and though the approbation of his fellow-creatures may have strengthened his hands in his administrative work, it has roused no more response in him than the abuse and invective of his opponents has altered the quiet purpose of his political actions. From his Edinburgh audience he received the closest attention, and the points of his speech were usually taken up with quick intelligence. A Scotch audience has had an early training in listening, and they love the premiss, the argument, and the conclusion. But those accustomed to the great North of England audiences must have thought it one of the coldest meetings they were ever present at.

What is lacking to Scotch Tories is organization and belief in themselves as a party which could be powerful if it would only believe in its own strength. But that belief is precisely what it is difficult to give to any party which has long been discredited. The first remark Mr. Balfour made, which roused anything like enthusiasm, was when he promised himself a good time in the House on the introduction of the Irish Bill. Here the audience cheered, and at election times the average Scotch Tory makes a great deal of noise when he has the will to appear at all, but he is, perhaps, too unready at putting his own hand to the plough. In electioneering knowledge and practice it is not too much to say he is many years behind England, and the heart-burnings and jealousies between him and the Liberal-Unionists have been a constant hindrance in the winning and retaining of seats. We are aware that these are unpalatable truths, and that our friends over the Border will not credit us with the real desire for their political salvation which moves us to pen these remarks. Neither would we wish to depreciate the good work which is certainly growing in Scotland. West Edinburgh was won, but it was a Scot who described the manner in which it was captured. "An Englishman stood for the seat, and organized it, the Scotsman worked at the Unionist cause for five years, and both the men and the women in the constituency really worked." What Edinburgh accomplished, and Midlothian went far to accomplish, might be done in at least ten other constituencies; but it will not be done till the Scotch Tory learns that he must work himself to the bone, and condescend to be taught of those who "know the ropes." He must put aside prejudice, and he must forget history, or, rather, remember that it is not so long ago when the Tory power ruled broad Scotland, and that if he now suffers in some degree what the Whigs of that day endured, he has only to wait the turn of Fortune's wheel, and he may again be in possession of a full share of political power. But Fortune will not smile on the person, or the party, that has not even the heart of grace to sing the National Anthem at the close of a meeting, a conference of its members having spent the afternoon in passing wordy resolutions in favour of the Crown and the Church.

MUSIC.

THE premature ending of Signor Lago's opera season, which took place suddenly last week, must be a subject for regret among musicians and amateurs. Signor Lago—to whom London owes the revival of *Orfeo*, the production of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the introduction of Signorina Giulia Ravogli—deserved more support than he met with. His non-success this autumn is one more proof of how little

hold opera has upon English audiences, apart from the influence of fashion or of mere *réclame*. During the last week of his season at the Olympic Signor Lago produced Wallace's *Maritana*, with a cast of great excellence. It is long since two such artists as Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. Eugene Oudin have been heard as the heroine and Don José; they succeeded in imparting new interest to Wallace's familiar themes, and were rewarded by unlimited applause and demands for encores. Almost equally good were the King of Mr. Charles Manners and the Lazarillo of Miss Lily Moody. All the minor parts were also well filled, the only unsatisfactory feature of the performance being the Don César of Mr. Charles Harding, who is neither vocally nor dramatically fitted to fill the post of *primo tenore*. In the last night of his season Signor Lago gave a most welcome revival of Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, a work which, in spite of its perfect beauty, has not been heard in London for some years. The performance was in many respects very good, though it also contained serious defects, which, under the circumstances, it would perhaps be unfair to criticize severely. The most noticeable feature was the admirable singing of Mlle. Leila as the Queen of the Night, of Mme. Duma as Pamina. Both are artists of the first rank, and the excellent scale-singing of the first and the dramatic intelligence and beautiful voice of the second were deserving of all praise. The Sarastro of Mr. Charles Manners and the Pappageno of Mr. M. Worlock were also good, and mention must be made of the Monostatos of Mr. G. Tate, who succeeded in making the small part more interesting than usual. The minor parts were nearly all efficiently filled; that fine artist Mme. Sviatowsky was content to appear as one of the three attendants on the Queen of the Night. The chorus was excellent; but the representative of Tamino and the orchestral accompaniments to the Recitatives narrowly imperilled the whole performance.

The Concert season is now setting in with some severity. At the Crystal Palace on Saturday week Mr. Cliffe's new Symphony, which was noticed on its production at Leeds last month, was admirably played by Mr. Manns's band. The composer has much improved the work by a judicious compression of the last movement. At the same concert two brilliant numbers from the Ballet music to Moszkowski's *Boabdil*—first produced at Berlin in the earlier part of the year—were played in England for the first time. At Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts, the chief attraction has been the playing of Mlle. Wietrowetz, a young Bohemian violinist, who made a very favourable impression last season at the Philharmonic. On Monday week she led Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat and Rubinstein's genial Pianoforte Trio, Op. 52, while her admirable playing of the Romance from Dr. Joachim's Hungarian Concerto was followed by an inevitable encore. Last Saturday Mlle. Wietrowetz was associated with Mr. Leonard Borwick and Herr Popper in Brahms's Trio in C, Op. 101; but the result was less satisfactory than might have been expected, the *ensemble* being rather rough and uneven. Herr Popper was heard in several small pieces, none of which were quite worthy of his powers, and Mr. Borwick gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35. A new vocalist, Miss Nancy McIntosh, created a decidedly favourable impression by her graceful singing of songs by Handel, MacCunn, Henschel, and Grieg. At last Monday's concert the reappearance of Lady Hallé attracted a large audience. The favourite artist introduced a new Adagio Appassionato (Op. 57) by Max Bruch, a melodious and effective work, admirably adapted to display Lady Hallé's style to advantage. The pianist was Miss Adelina de Lara, whose vigorous performance of Brahms's Scherzo in E flat (Op. 4) was followed by the customary demand for an encore. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist, and sang songs by Bishop, Schubert, and Chaminade in her very best style; Miss Lehmann is to be commended for having abandoned the alterations she introduced into Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves" when she sang it at these concerts a fortnight ago.

At the Albert Hall the Royal Choral Society began its season last week by a performance of Dvořák's "Requiem," a work which has been already fully discussed in this Review. The admirable singing of Mme. Albani, and the success with which Mr. Barnby's choir grappled with the difficulties of the choral music, were the main features of an excellent performance of a work which, in spite of some

merits, remains, on the whole, far below its composer's "Stabat Mater." On the following evening Mr. Henschel inaugurated his seventh season of Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, Weber's "Concertstück" (well played by Mlle. Szumowska), Berlioz's *King Lear* Overture, Liszt's "Kennst du das Land," and Wagner's "Festival March," written for the Centenary celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The last-named work has not been heard here for some years. It is principally remarkable for its poverty of thematic material and extraordinarily heavy orchestration. In the open air, or in a large space such as the central transept of the Crystal Palace, it would probably sound much better than it does in an ordinary concert room.

Amongst other concerts, we can only mention Mr. Kennedy's interesting entertainment of Scotch songs; Mr. de Pachmann's Chopin recital—at which, among much that was excellent, though marred by inequalities, his playing of the Rondo in E flat stood out by perfection of technique and delicacy of expression; Señor Sarasate's Second Orchestral Concert; and the concert given last Tuesday by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, an American contralto who created a very favourable impression by her fine voice and intelligent singing.

"PIGS" AND "GOATS."

THE last two or three mails have brought disquieting news from China. In Fuhkien we learn that a mission establishment has been destroyed, and that an English missionary and his wife barely escaped with their lives; from Szech'uen it is reported that Mr. Polhill Turner has been grossly maltreated by a mob, who chose to regard the presence of foreigners as the provoking cause of a drought which has lately afflicted that province; and from the hostile shores of the Yangtze Kiang comes news of a revival of the anti-foreign literature which wrought such havoc at the river ports last year. We have lately had experience of the lengths to which the terror occasioned by the presence of cholera can drive ignorant Russian peasants, and in China the same cause has again roused the superstitious fanaticism of an equally besotted people. The recurrence of this anti-foreign feeling has produced a fresh crop of the abusive placards and inflammatory pictures which were the direct causes of the late disastrous riots on the Yangtze. Beyond knowing that the pictures then displayed were defamatory and revolting, few had any idea of what they actually were. Wisely, therefore, certain missionaries on the spot have reproduced them in facsimile, that all the world might know and realize the virulence of the hatred which could make the publication of such placards possible. A collection of these reproductions lies before us, and we propose, without entering into detail, to give some idea of the monstrous nature of the disgraceful libels which it contains.

Throughout the volume foreigners are represented under the disguise of goats and pigs. It so happens that a common expression for foreigners—*Yangjin*—means, when the first syllable is written with a slightly different character, "goatmen." Taking advantage of this verbal quibble, the promoters of the anti-foreign agitation have chosen to adopt this interpretation of the phrase. In the same way the expression for "God" employed by the Roman Catholics is *T'ien Chu*, "Lord of Heaven." But *Chu* also means a pig, and consequently not only is the deity represented by a pig, but his followers are disguised under the same shape. These travesties form the basis of the illustrations, which were scattered broadcast last year, and which are again extensively placarded in the neighbourhood of the Yangtze-kiang. The first picture shows us two foreigners kneeling in worship before a pig, which bears the superscription of "Jesus." The men are wearing green hats, which is, in China, a common attribute of the most disgraceful of mankind, and this badge of shame is universally given to foreigners, whether they are represented as men or as beasts. Other pictures illustrate the murder of pigs and goats by every kind of violent death. They are stabbed, they are bludgeoned, their throats are cut, they are beheaded, they are sawn in sunder, they are impaled, they are pounded into jellies, and they are devoured by dogs. But the pictures are not allowed to

speak for themselves. Each one is accompanied by an exhortation to carry out the ideas of the artist, as when he depicts the rejoicings at the birth of a child he adds, "When a child is born slaughter the pigs and goats." Again, we see tigers devouring a number of the same helpless victims, and we are told, "to withstand one tiger is difficult, but when all the tigers rise in awful majesty, who can approach them?" Here we have another play upon words. The name for a tiger is *hu*, and this being the first syllable in the name of the province—Hunan—which has made itself conspicuous by the hatred of its inhabitants towards foreigners, it is used to signify the Hunanese. Some pictures show us goats being taken to rich pasture, and pigs being regaled at well-filled troughs. "Hasten the fattening of the pigs and goats" is the motto for such illustrations. In others butchers are represented as cutting up the carcasses of pigs and goats, and cooks are pictured as making savoury messes out of the flesh. Having exhausted their imagination in ringing the changes on the animal forms, the articles next depict foreigners as fastened to wooden frames and crosses and being subjected to every conceivable insult and violence. It is curious that this is the form which the outrage lately committed on Mr. Polhill Turner took; but whether this was *propter hoc*, or only *post hoc*, it is impossible to say. In one remarkable picture a successful warrior is returning in triumph to a city, preceded by his troops bearing dead pigs and goats, and by standard-bearers on whose flags is inscribed the name of the celebrated promoter of the recent riots, Chow Han. Indeed, throughout the book the name of this miscreant, who is still at liberty, constantly occurs in places of honour. In the closing picture the pigs and goats are seen kneeling before a hideous monster which represents the majesty of China.

In all cases the animals bear some such inscription as "Jesus," "Teacher," "Disciple," or "Western," for "Western goats," and it is obvious, therefore, that these pictures are intended to arouse the popular rage against missionaries and their followers. But it was abundantly proved at the investigations after the recent riots that the crusade is really directed against foreigners generally, and that missionaries have been made the object of attack in the first instance, only because they are more easily maligned and more open to suspicion than any other section of the foreign community. The diplomatic and consular officers are by their position and instincts not likely to arouse popular fury, and the mercantile class, residing for the most part in the foreign concessions at the treaty ports, are not sufficiently in touch with the people to awaken an anger which would under any circumstances be mitigated by the stream of wealth which pours from the foreign hongs into the pockets of the local traders. The missionaries have no such palliative to offer for their presence. They travel over the country with scrips and purses of the most modest dimensions; they have no official rank to gain them consideration in the essentially bureaucratic minds of the Chinese; and, worst of all, they sometimes wage war against the religious views of the bureaucrats with most undiplomatic vehemence. These two first disabilities are inherent in their position as missionaries, and they can no more get rid of them than a leopard can change his spots. But the manner in which they combat the religious views of the people is within their control, and should be most guarded so as to hurt as little as possible the susceptibilities of the natives. They should always bear in mind that the rights of toleration exist only by mutual forbearance, and that among a prejudiced and hostile people fierce reprisals are apt to be returned for dialectical attacks.

While saying this, we would repeat our condemnation of the folly of treating the attacks which are associated with the appearance of such pictures as we have described as being directed against missionaries only. They are the objects of the onslaught because they present the most assailable position; and were we to accept the fiction that it is against them alone that the popular hatred is directed, we should be as culpable as a general who on the day of battle should allow the bulk of his forces to remain in camp because only part of his line was attacked.

REVIEWS.

MOROCCO.*

THIS book is dressed in a title which is much too big for it. Mr. Bonsal calls his volume *Morocco as It Is: with an Account of Sir C. Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez*. There is no great sin in making the best of your wares, but it would none the less have shown more regard for accuracy on Mr. Bonsal's part if he had called this collection of articles "Some Impressions of the Outside of a Small Part of Morocco, together with Notes of what could be seen by an unofficial Person of the English Mission to Fez." Where we can check Mr. Bonsal we find him lively, not unintelligent, but inaccurate. Here is an example of his qualities:—"When the Sultan finds he can make no headway against the local opposition, he very often appoints the head of the rebellion as his Caid, a policy on a par with that of Henry II., who, if I remember rightly, when he could not rule Ireland without Richard Strongbow, determined to rule it with his aid." The comparison, though not very original, is neat, and would be accurate if Mr. Bonsal had not made a trifling mistake of between three and four centuries. Again, Mr. Bonsal does not remember rightly, when he says that Nelson put the glass to his blind eye, and declared he could not see the signal hung out at Gibraltar, when he was bearing down on the French at Trafalgar. Nelson was a very wonderful man, but even he could not see a signal of recall hung out at Gibraltar from Trafalgar Bay. That incident happened in another place. Our author's knowledge is plainly of the hasty newspaper order, nor is his English more exact. Full regalia is not equivalent to full uniform, and the little name of the Tower musket was the "Brown" not the "Queen" Bees. These examples will show that Mr. Bonsal does not go very deeply into subjects, and may warn the reader not to take him too seriously. It is only fair to add that he is candid enough as to his own limitations. He makes no pretence to understand more than a few scattered words of Arabic, or to know more of Morocco than could be acquired by hastily reading a few modern books written about it.

Provided, however, that we do not ask from Mr. Bonsal more than can fairly be expected from a "Special Correspondent of the Central News," this reprint of his letters to the papers and his articles in magazines may be skimmed with some pleasure. If he did not see much of Morocco, he reports the little he could observe briskly, and not without sagacity. He is even not afraid to show himself independent of some common beliefs. He declares that the Jews are by no means the worst used people in the country, and once or twice indicates a certain sympathy for Muley Hassan and his Ministers in their troubles. Our own feeling for the Emperor was always warmer than Mr. Bonsal's, and has been strengthened by his account of the way in which he and others who took advantage of Sir C. Euan Smith's mission to have a look at Fez thought fit to behave. Mr. Bonsal records how he insisted on having city gates opened to him, threatened the guard with his revolver, laid about him with a whip, and finally called Bushta el Baghdadi a liar to his face. What would have happened to Mr. Bonsal if he had behaved in this style at Avila, let us say? If he had not been shot upon the spot he would certainly have been marched over the frontier between two of the Guardia Civil. Yet at Fez he got an apology, and the soldiers who threatened him were ordered to be flogged. It is not to be wondered at that Muley Hassan wishes to remain better strangers with European travellers. At Kairouin Mr. Bonsal, as he tells us with a flippancy, bribed students to steal manuscripts for him from the University library. The civilised visitor to Morocco seems to think himself at liberty to do things which, if they were not done among "stagnant barbarians," would cause him to be justly laid by the heels. Muley Hassan or his Minister, Sid Gharnet, would really have a case if they argued that Morocco was the better for not enjoying the civilising influence of foreigners who give themselves these licences. On his way to the coast Mr. Bonsal had the bad taste to amuse himself by promising to restore their sight to the blind of one of the villages. It is only just to add that he professes himself heartily ashamed of his unfeeling practical joke, when the poor wretches crowded round him in the full belief that a Christian had medical science enough to keep his word. If they had stoned Mr. Bonsal, there would have been an international incident, and another proof of the insecurity of travellers in Morocco; but their violence would have been greatly to be excused. The part of the book which is not taken up with the author's

* *Morocco as It Is: with an Account of Sir C. Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez*. By Stephen Bonsal, junior. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

personal adventures is shrewd enough, and confirms what is generally known of the growing weakness of Muley Hassan, of the abuse of the protection system by foreign Consuls, and of the fear of the French felt at Fez. The account of the incidents of the Mission was sufficiently commented on when it appeared in the papers. It leaves the matter much where it was, with Mr. Bonsal's emphatic assertions to be weighed against Sir C. Euan Smith's various and not quite consistent contradictions.

NOVELS.*

MR. JOHN ROY has certain qualities as a writer which atone for many faults, but if he really wishes to become a good novelist, he must set himself earnestly to mend his defects. The first and most serious of these is his rage for description. Perhaps he may have been led away by enthusiastic commendations of Tolstói's method, and the view that life is made up of casual acquaintances, and that, therefore, no attention is wasted that is bestowed on even a friend of an hour. This may be so, though there will always be people to object to it; but anyhow, Mr. John Roy is not Tolstói, and the great realist's shoes will be found a misfit. The amount of description in the first volume positively takes one's breath away. There is nothing the author does not describe exhaustively, except scenery, and for his reticence in this particular his readers will be grateful to him. But he analyses carefully the nine chief officers of his hero's regiment, their wives—if they have any—and their children. He next passes on to the Civil Servants on the Indian station, where the greater part of the story takes place, and not a wife or a child, hardly a servant or a horse, is allowed to escape unnoticed. We have reckoned up the descriptions as far as possible, and we find they amount to no less than thirty-three detailed accounts in the first eighty-two pages. Very few of the people thus introduced to us play any part in the story, or cease to be mere names, so that their existence has no justification whatever. They are only useful as padding, and the same may be said of lengthy dissertations on Indian government, on the Scotch and Irish, and on many other matters clumsily and inartistically thrust into the tale. When, however, Mr. Roy does devote himself to developing a character, he does it very well. Guy Langley, the hero, with his doubts and hesitations as to his marriage with Miss Treveryan, his latent sense of his goodness in being ready to make sacrifices for her, his readiness to be "happy with either" when he comes back on leave to England and finds a rich young woman ready to fall into his arms, and his ability to shake off what was poor and weak in his nature and to rise equal to the occasion in the Afghan campaign—all form a true picture of many an average young Englishman. His friend Dale is neatly sketched in, and his opinions of the various poets who formed Langley's library are really amusing. Wordsworth he pronounces, on the whole, to be "drivel"; he thinks it a "beastly shame to make little beggars of ten or eleven" learn *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, suggests that the reason of *Kubla Khan's* brevity was that Coleridge "got stumped, and didn't know how to finish it," and ends by settling down with hearty admiration to Adam Gordon. The ponderous Major Russell, too, with his mania for patriotism, is a type with which we are acquainted, and which most of us shun. The reader will be sorry for Mrs. Langley, who allows him ultimately to console her, though the marriage would be hardly more incongruous than many which take place every day. All this latter part of the tale is spun out and uninteresting; but the second volume, which deals chiefly with the Afghan campaign, is remarkably good. The ordinary person who thinks that war is made up of battles and sieges, and severe earnestness altogether, will have his eyes considerably opened, as in Tolstói's account of the siege of Sebastopol. Altogether Mr. Roy has some excellent stuff in him, but he must learn to concentrate and to cut away.

Mrs. L. T. Meade might surely have chosen a more attractive title for her new novel than *The Medicine Lady*. It is suggestive of yellow-painted Indians and rolling prairies; of anything but London and a doctor's wife in Harley Street. It is after her husband's death, however, that Cecilia Digby takes to practising on her own account; and it is to this period that the title refers. The moral drawn by Mrs. Meade is a very dreadful and sensa-

tional one, and calculated to make a good many people uncomfortable. It is nothing less than the almost certain curse which will fall in various ways on the head of a child who has lost one of its parents by consumption, and the wickedness of marriage under such circumstances. Mrs. Digby, a bright, pretty, impulsive girl, wife of a doctor in a poor Bloomsbury district, has this truth first impressed on her in a very startling way. She and her husband are returning home from a party, when they learn that their child has suddenly developed strange symptoms, and has a queer look in its eyes. Before taking any steps to relieve the baby the doctor takes his wife into their room, and questions her as to the fatal illnesses of her parents. On hearing that her mother died of consumption, he informs her that the child may be suffering from brain disease (the outcome of that consumption), or that it may be only a teeth attack, in which case he can lance its gums, and save it. As, in spite of the dreaded fact which has just been imparted to him, he goes back to the nursery, and acts as he would have done had no other solution been possible—namely, lances the gums—it is not clear why he should have wasted time and tortured the mother by putting a question which might have been safely postponed. But with Dr. Digby and his wife truth-telling reached almost the proportions of a vice. Not content with giving their opinion when asked, they thrust it upon their friends, and kept back nothing, even when it was merely a question of surmise. As in all books with a purpose, whether the purpose is the horrors of drink, or the wickedness of not allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, every one is intensely serious, and the reader is never permitted to forget for one moment the problem at stake. It would be unfair to Mrs. Meade to tell her story, but it develops sensation enough to satisfy most people. It cannot be said that the impression of reality is very strong, or that the male characters are like the doctors we are accustomed to meet. But readers who enjoy a dramatic situation are not usually keen-sighted in this respect, and *The Medicine Lady* will probably obtain many readers and admirers.

"Le vieillard, comme il a baissé!" was the comment of one of M. Lecoq's ardent disciples on that great man when late in life he made a mess of some very simple case. This was in a sequel, not by Gaboriau, called *La Vieillesse de M. Lecoq*. Certainly if Mr. Millington, the detective, in *The March of Fate*, had made enough money by his wits to live on comfortably for the rest of his days, he must have met with some severe accident to his brain by the time he is introduced to the reader. Conceive any one in possession of his senses, even if he had not made a special study of human frailty, being deluded for one moment by a man who resorts to the old trick of "consulting him for a friend." Well might his old partner tell Mr. Millington "he had gone stale" when that gentleman failed to solve some equally simple riddle, and on no single occasion does he manage to see through a stone wall till a large peephole has been cut. The story is framed after the manner of Wilkie Collins, and has all the elements necessary to melodrama. There is the confidential maid engaged to the detective's son (always a handy combination), the oppressed young lady, the good and poor lover (who is the most odious prig that ever wrote letters from New Zealand), the bad and rich lover, the tyrannical father, and the lady of no character who plays the part of Providence to the deserving—we have them all, the old familiar faces. The style in which the adventures of these worthies are recorded is awkward and clumsy. Of course, as long as the detective and the maid are speaking, much may be overlooked, but unluckily even the "educated" people are no better. It is hardly too much to say that from first to last in the three volumes the word "begin" is never used. Everything always "commences," from the author and the editor down to the working carpenter, and that fact alone tells a tale as to the literary merits of the production. It is also rather amusing to find that Mr. Farjeon's ideas of a translation differ widely from those generally accepted. We have been accustomed to think that translations were good in proportion as they concealed the fact that they were originally written in another language; but Mrs. Kennedy's translation of the nurse's long deposition preserves every French turn of phrase as far as possible. One word also as to the printing of the book, which contains many mistakes. In vol. ii. p. 27, loudly is printed "loudly," in vol. iii. p. 54, carriage is printed "carrriage," Gabrielle is twice turned into a man's name, "Gabriel," and Redmond is printed for "Redwood."

Lovers of hunting will find endless descriptions of "runs" in the last place that they would be likely to look for them—a novel called *Trust-Money*. The hero and heroine spend all their spare time in their youthful days on horseback, and even the villain likes a day now and then when the riding is not too stiff. Mr. Westall has made a mistake in casting Edward Prince for that

* *Helen Treveryan*. By John Roy. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The Medicine Lady. By L. T. Meade. 3 vols. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

The March of Fate. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: F. V. White. 1892.

Trust-Money. By William Westall. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

Nurse Elisia. By G. Manville Fenn. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

part. He is not the stuff of which villains are made. He would not have been at all averse to a little sharp practice in the course of his profession, in the way of high interest on doubtful security, but he would never have sailed away and left his brother Charlie to drown. Or, if he did, he would have undergone a severe struggle first, and the provocation would have been greater than it actually was, for his love for Olive Lincoln was a very mild sensation. This defect is in reality the defect of Mr. Westall's whole novel. It is too tame; he deals with matters that might be interesting enough in themselves, but he fails to put any life into them, while too much stress is laid on trifles. Even in the year 1857 communication with Trinidad was frequent and regular, yet the whole Prince family make as much fuss about the elder Prince going out there for three months on business as if he was going to explore the Antarctic Ocean. "Everybody says that the risk of a voyage to Trinidad is well-nigh infinitesimal," remarks one of the sons, to reassure his mother. "They say the Royal Mail steamers arrive almost as punctually as they depart," observes somebody else; while grave doubts are expressed as to the healthiness of the island. Of course after all this we feel Mr. Prince *must* die; and he does, and the insurance office refuses to pay up the 15,000*l.* intended to replace the trust-money, and a dozen vulgar expressions will occur to the mind of the reader to explain the situation. As we have already hinted, Mr. Westall's book is by no means bad; but it is wanting in "go," and for lack of this quality even its excellences are unheeded.

The characters of the novel with the unpronounceable name—is it Nurse Elisah, or Nurse Elli-sia, or Nurse E-lish-ia?—are vulgar and disagreeable beyond the wont of their fellows. Nurse Elisah, so she spells her pseudonym, is really one Lady Cicely, a duke's daughter who has taken to nursing to still the beatings of her wounded heart. She is ideally patient and beautiful and resigned, and we are not surprised to find her addressed as "My child" by the elderly physician at the hospital, and also by the irascible old gentleman she has come to nurse. She is meekness herself, and of course soon gains over her patient's daughter, to whom she observes, in the moment of their reconciliation, that "the little heart is sore because of tender passages with one now crossing the sea," and that "the heart is pained because it is yielding to circumstances, and trying to forget the absent one, who will not be forgotten." Nurse Elisah is great upon hearts, and, a few pages later, she remarks to the old gentleman who has inquired if she has loved in the past, "Ask me no more, Mr. Elthorne. I gave my trusting girlish heart to one I believed good and noble, but I was rudely awakened from my dream; and, after a long illness, I devoted myself to the task of trying to help those in sore need of a woman's hand to nurse them back to life; sometimes—all too often—to close their eyes in death. Ask me no more." It seems hardly probable that a man like the rejected suitor, Sir Cheltnam Burwood, should have imposed on the trusting hearts of Lady Cicely's trustees, but there is no accounting for human imbecility. Enough has been said and quoted to show the sort of book Mr. Manville Fenn has written.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS.*

WHATEVER may be the merits of the literature of the eighteenth century, it does not give evidence of the general existence at that time of strong imaginative faculties. It is distinguished rather by a certain regularity of form, evidently produced by a strict conformity to models then considered classic. Its aim appears to be to restore the best period of Greek and Latin letters, rather than to develop individual imagination by any peculiarity of expression. Yet it was in the eighteenth century that the first attempts were made to reproduce, with some of their original luxuriance, Oriental stories full of the most exuberant fancy and at variance with all Western canons of construction. Moreover, these stories enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and have been frequently translated into all European languages. Of these collections, the next in importance to the *Mille et un Nuits*, introduced by Galland, is the *Mille et un Jours*, translated by François Pétis de la Croix. It is true that the incidents of a large number of these and similar tales were already well known from the use made of them by mediæval writers. But in the middle ages they were treated in exactly the same way as stories derived from Greek or Latin sources—that is to say, artistically, in a peculiarly mediæval manner, with no regard to chronology. The eighteenth-

century Orientalists, on the contrary, imitated as closely as they could the Arabic, Indian, or Chinese characteristics of the originals. A similar though not synchronous movement can be observed in painting. Once, the characters of Christian or of earlier Greek or Latin history or legend were represented by Italian senators, or Flemish burghers, or German knights. Later schools of painting have insisted on minute historical accuracy. Even the theory of heredity claimed recognition in pictorial art sooner than we usually imagine. It obliged painters of religious subjects to undertake journeys to remote provinces in order to study the inhabitants of unascertained sites as models for their supposititious ancestors.

It is, therefore, a question how the popularity of these highly imaginative Oriental tales in an unimaginative age can be explained. It may be that what imagination there was, unsatisfied by the dignity of Racine and the splendid dulness of Richardson, found relief in the unrestrained fancy of these stories. Or it may be that they represent the first appearance of the spirit of history in fiction. If this is so, the eighteenth century can boast the quintessence of Rationalism, Imagination itself turned antiquarian. But if the great collections of Oriental tales were only the antiquarian recreation of an age of rationalists, the version of the *Mille et un Jours* by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy presents them in their proper light as purely artistic romances. The translator has written an admirable uninstructional story-book in very fair English. It would, indeed, have been better if he had noticed in his modest preface that he had only included in his collection about two-thirds of the tales. But he has made his selection judiciously, and fills up with great skill the unavoidable rifts which he causes in the original. Shakspearian enthusiasts should be pleased with at least one of the tales. They will be able to trace the origin of *Romeo and Juliet* further than Giulietta, or Mariotto and Giannozza, or even than Anthia, back to its Eastern form in the story of the Princess Zelica. But we are sorry to miss the story of Avicenna, even if it is not altogether to the credit of eminent physicians. It would have been interesting also to have compared the instances related of Indian transfusion of souls in the story of Prince Fadlallah with more recently and directly revealed doctrines on the subject. The information would come with authority, for the Sheikh Moctes, the Persian collector of the stories, was held in the deepest veneration for his knowledge of the occult sciences.

Mr. McCarthy, as a Persian scholar, wisely resists the temptation to exhibit scholarship, and avoids annotation. The principal notes of Pétis he skilfully incorporates in the text; the rest he omits, and improves his stories by doing so. But he would add to their interest if he had followed Pétis closely in giving certain important names. Pétis tells us, but Mr. McCarthy omits, that "the greatest of Chinese painters" is Many. This is no other than Manes, the founder of the Manichæans, perhaps the only founder of a religion who was himself a pictorial artist. When we think of the extraordinary veneration paid to the newly-painted Madonna of Cimabue, we can imagine the influence exercised by Manes's mysterious production, in propagating his doctrines. Again, the Chinese exclamation, "By the great prophet Jacmouny!" should have been left in its entirety, even if it had been necessary to interpolate an explanation that the word "Jacmouny" is the phonetic form of Sakia Mouni, the Great Buddha, called officially, in China, Fo. Once more, local Persian colour is lost when "By Aly!" is represented by "By Allah!" for Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, is the special patron of the Schyite sect of Mahometans. "By Allah!" is an oath common, of course, to both sects. But it may be that these omissions are due to Garnier's edition of the original French, from which the present English version was made, and not to the English translator. At any rate the slight inaccuracies of such graceful entertainment should not be carped at, lest Mr. McCarthy, put on his mettle as an Orientalist, should translate and annotate discourses of some earnest Persian prophet, and so fill up with instruction the few half-holidays which our own Fictional Moralists still allow us. The clear type and attractive appearance of the present edition remind us, by contrast, that there exists a shabby Bombay edition published in 1848, complete indeed, but destructive of the eyesight, and inaccessible. Pictorial illustration is especially superfluous when applied to Oriental tales, which are themselves sufficiently vivid. The two pictures which accompany Mr. McCarthy's book do not justify their superfluity.

* *The Thousand and One Days—Persian Tales.* Edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

AFRICAN BOOKS AND MAPS.*

THE third and last volume of Dr. Junker's *African Travels*, translated as before with unusual skill by Mr. A. H. Keane, has something more than the adventitious interest of appearing after the author's death, though not, so far as the German original is concerned, without his final revision. In many ways these four last years of the explorer's sojourn in the southern outskirts of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and his journey Europe-wards, by way of Unyoro and Uganda, when the northern way home was closed by the Mahdist revolt, exceed in interest the other records of his voyaging. During the earlier months he got nearer to the accomplishment of what may be regarded as the main problem of his long expatriation—the exploration and identifying of the upper waters of the Welle—than before. Southwards, he got within sixty miles of Mr. Stanley's northernmost, and with a little more luck and a little more boldness—for Dr. Junker seems to us to have carried to an extreme the *Chi va piano va sano* maxim—he might have reached the upper waters of the Ituri or Aruwimi, and bridged as no one had bridged before the narrow gap between the watersheds of the Congo and the Nile. Westwards he crept down the Welle Makua to within a very short distance of the point which Captain Van Gèle, of the Congo Free State, reached but the other day, in the reverse direction, by following the Ubangi upward. One cannot, in reading this book, but feel sometimes a little surprised that Dr. Junker did not make up his mind to ship himself in a canoe on one of the great rivers between which, as the Arthurian romances have it, he "bove" so long, and descend as wild adventure might lead him. But that evidently was not his line. He had no force with him, and never abused the advantages he possessed as a *protégé* of the Egyptian rulers of the district, much of which has been since thoughtlessly made over to the rather nondescript Belgian Government, which started as an "International Association," and seems now to have reached the status of a pretty close guild for something less than a nation. He went from Egyptian post to Egyptian post, from this native prince's zariba to that; harmless, beneficent, scientific, musical-box-playing. But he did not venture the great game. When the Nile was shut he abode in the Hat-el-Estiva (equatorial province) with Emin, of whom he gives rather an *aigre-doux* account, for some time; and then, while recommendations from that quarter had still not lost their force, journeyed by the Albert Nyanza, Unyoro, Uganda, and the present, but not then, German sphere to Zanzibar. He was an indefatigable surveyor, collector, observer of native ways. He never seems to have had to resort to the strong hand once during all his years of sojourning in the very wildest places of the earth. He withstood privation and disease—the disease which afterwards carried him off—with heroic fortitude. His book, besides containing abundant geographical and zoological information and much useful knowledge of divers kinds, is otherwise important. He shows both the premature extension and the insecure foundation of the Egyptian rule, but he shows also the prizes which await a really intelligent civilized Government in these regions and the absolute madness of abandoning them to the first comer. We cannot, considering certain more recent events, but be glad to meet a traveller who never seems to have forgotten that traveller is not the same word as crusader, still less as "free companion," and that the mere fact of being in somebody else's country does not give a man a right to bully and murder the owners.

This volume has, moreover, become of especial importance since it was published, owing to the Uganda discussion and the news that Belgian expeditions have certainly reached the Mambattu and Zandeh territories, in which Dr. Junker sojourned so long, while they may possibly have bridged the distance between the upper waters of the Welle and Aruwimi and those of the Nile itself. It is impossible for any one who, with some slight knowledge of military matters, reads Dr. Junker's book not to see how perfectly easy even this latter feat must or might have been. Shortly after Junker's departure Mr. Grenfell, M. Roget, and Captain Van Gèle were to show the ease with which the Ubangi-Welle could be followed up. It has always seemed to some careful readers of the history of Mr. Stanley's expedition, that the Aruwimi-Ituri might have been utilized much more than it was in a similar way. But the most important of the "lights" furnished by this book concerns not the access to the Nyam-

Nyam-Mambattu-Momfu country, but the chances of an expedition when it has reached the district itself. And it is impossible not to see that these were unusually good. Instead of the *selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte* through which the Stanley expedition had to struggle, with no human presence except that of a few almost invisible enemies, with little game, no flocks or herds, and hardly anything eatable in the vegetation, Dr. Junker describes a comparatively open country, with forests only here and there, inhabited with pretty fair thickness, though not by tribes of any very great individual extent or warlike power, who are cultivators as well as herdsmen, live comfortably enough, and have plenty to spare. At the right season there could be no difficulty for any man, with a fair force at his back and a good store of presents in his hand, in making his way, partly by strength and partly by address, right through to the Nile. Whether Captain Van Kerckhoven did this or not, there seems, at any rate, very little doubt that he succeeded in establishing himself in not a few of the places where Junker wandered, and which long since ought to have been reunited in an English or Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. And, whether he did it or not, it is certain that what he did from the Belgian side of the Ubangi could be equally well done in very easily conceivable cases from the French side.

If not the least written about, the Royal Niger Company is the least puffed and "book-made" of the three great chartered bodies which have recently undertaken the commission to "Briticize" great portions of Africa. It has recently been the subject of brisk newspaper and Parliamentary skirmishing in connexion with the statements of that rather too typical Gaul, Lieutenant Mizon, who seems to have constructed his ideas of the duties of host to guest (when he is guest) rather on the pattern of Victor Hugo's celebrated story of the Bishop in *Les Misérables*. It is also from time to time pelted with complaints, of similar or dissimilar kinds, which wicked persons who know the world are wont to set down to trade jealousy. But still it is, on the whole, rather "carent of its sacred vate." Whether this has anything to do with the fact that it pays a solid dividend of six per cent. is a matter to which we would only allude in the most distant and delicate way in the world. Here, however, at last is a book, and a very good book, about its sphere, or a great part of it. Captain Mockler-Ferryman was private secretary and (he had actually to assume the part now and then) vizier to Major (now Sir) Claude Macdonald, the present Commissioner of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, when the Major was sent out in 1889. He was commissioned to see whether the burgomasters and great oneys of the Niger and Benue had anything to say against the Company, and also, *de par le marché*, to try to patch up a peace between two tribes in Yorubaland. These tribes had, in a leisurely Homeric fashion, been carrying on war for several years at the back of Lagos, not apparently to their own great amusement, and very much to the disadvantage of that much-tried colony, which has since ceased to trouble itself about Ilorins and Ibadans, in order to trouble itself very much about Egbas and Jebus.

Major Macdonald and Captain Mockler-Ferryman (who is an enthusiastic entomologist) traversed most of the water system of the Lower Niger, the Benue, and part of the Quorra. They went up the Benue as far as, and, indeed, further than, Yola, the *residence* of that European-hating Emir of Adamawa, who was as unconvivial to them as to everybody until (according to M. Mizon) he discovered that all he had been waiting for was a Frenchman to love. They did their peace-making at Ilorin "after a sort," but most loyally and properly. They escaped not scathless, but only slightly scathed from the devilish climate of the delta—indeed, it was the healthiest time of the year. And they found, as any one with a little skill in interpreting books will see, not merely in the lines, but between them, that the Royal Niger Company was doing a very good work, and, so far from doing it in a robust manner, was respecting all the new-fangled doctrines as to the negro's rights and property, the wickedness of selling him gin and cartridges, and the rest of it, in even a rather *plusquam-scrupulous* manner. When we remember that this purely trading Company has to undertake and pay for the police of a huge district, that it has also to pay great subsidies to distant Sultans who have rather nominal authority and less than nominal rights, that it has, in fact, to do for itself what it is generally supposed that either the trader's home government or the local government of the nation he trades with does for him—we really admire its success. And we stand astonished at its moderation in not merely suffering, but helping and treating kindly interlopers of the Mizon kind who would be "eaten up" in a moment but for it, and whose sole reason for coming at all is to poach and privateer in its waters. But let us not be understood as meaning that Captain Mockler-Ferryman takes a side in such matters. His book in this respect contrasts most pleasantly with the writings of M. Mizon himself,

* *Travels in Africa, 1882-1886.* By William Junker. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

Up the Niger. By Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman. London: Phillp & Son. 1892.

The History of Africa. By R. Brown. Vol. I. London: Cassell. 1892.

Map of Africa South of the Equator. By G. Cawston. London: Stanford.

of Captain Binger, and of other Frenchmen who have dealt with the district, and, except an historic note of four lines referring to the place where M. Mizon's own folly got him into hot water, there is not a reference to "politics" or to French designs throughout the volume. It is a capital book of its kind, and though there is a rather despairing epilogue about Niger prospects, the substance of it belies this, and we think the author must have been a little jaundiced by the touch of fever which, after immunity for some time, he finally got.

Mr. Robert Brown's *History of Africa* may be dismissed, if anybody likes, as a compilation, and a popular compilation. It is, indeed, intended, as its shape and its illustrations show, not so much for the student's library as for the popular reading-room and book-table. It is, however, a compilation of much more than ordinary merit, and there will be very few students, not specialists, who will not find things in it which they did not know before. It does not deal, except very briefly, with the ancient or mediæval periods, or even with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, beginning practically about the middle of the eighteenth, when trade—especially the slave trade—began to foster exploration. The present volume is, for chronological and geographical reasons, both entirely occupied with the north-western side of the continent, and its two main subjects are the search for Timbuctoo (that singularly disappointing El Dorado which, such as it is, has come at last into the possession of the European country that had least to do with its finding), and the delta and banks of the Niger. The story is well told, there are abundant references to original authorities, and if Mr. Brown keeps up his method with equal success, the completed book will be of considerable value.

A very handy and effectively arranged wall-map, glazed, backed, and strung for hanging, of Africa South of the Equator has been drawn by Mr. George Cawston, and published by Mr. Stanford. It is probably intended chiefly to show the territory and "sphere" of the Cape Colonies and the British South-Africa Company; and a corner map, inset on the same scale, contrasts the extent of this great region forcibly with England and Wales. The various treaty delimitations are boldly given, with the principal natural features, and with a fair amount of minor details. The map runs up a little beyond the Equator, and might be very well supplemented by another on the same scale, but of a different shape, for Central Africa; the whole continent, in consequence of its tightening in at the waist, being difficult to get into a single map without a great space lost on water. South of the Equator, however, delimitation is pretty well done with, and all that is left (till war comes) is to make the best of what has been got. The southern half of Northern Africa is in a condition much more "grabbable," and attention to it is specially desirable that it be not grabbed by other nations than England.

MRS. BLIGH.*

WHATEVER may be the faults and shortcomings—and they are not few—of Miss Broughton's books, it is seldom indeed that she fails to make us laugh, and in this dreary and solemn age that fact alone should obtain plenary absolution for worse sins than hers. Out of the ten novels that she has written, it is only the *Widower Indeed* which leaves the reader as gloomy as it found him. In each of the others—however severe our moral criticisms may be—there are passages that will move the most confirmed misanthrope to mirth, and often even to the tears which, in a sense not that of the poet, lie close to the root of the tree of laughter.

Mrs. Bligh in this respect resembles its predecessors. It has no story to tell, and its hero and heroine are unattractive as well as vulgar, but it is extremely amusing. *Mrs. Bligh* places her widowed affections on a middle-aged sculptor, who presses her hand and addresses her in notes as "Dear friend." It is not very clear why Sir Robert Coke (for that is his name) bestows so much trouble and time on this very rebarbative lady; it certainly is not for her undisguised admiration of him, as his own fascinations as well as his position enable him to command as much admiration as he cares for, and, besides, he seems to find it embarrassing; and it is not for the sake of her personal beauty, for she has none. Indeed, without ever giving the slightest hint as to her appearance, Miss Broughton somehow manages to leave on the mind of the reader the impression that *Mrs. Bligh* is of the red-nosed, hard-featured type. She is only too well aware of her failure as "a creature bright and good," and becomes furiously (and what is much worse) obviously jealous of her worshipper, Pamela Capel-Smith, a young lady strong in the qualities which are lacking in *Mrs. Bligh*. Pamela

is very well drawn and very charming—when she ceases to worship *Mrs. Bligh*. It is an old story that very young girls are given to take sudden and violent infatuations for their elders, which nearly always prove oppressive and inconvenient for the victims, and the rise and fall of this attachment is depicted by Miss Broughton as humorously as truthfully. The "crowning glory," however, of the many clever bits of delineation, is her sketch of "Czar," the terrible "Czar," who produces outside of his adoring family the same feeling of impotent helplessness and despairing rage, that Barry Lyndon and Harold Skimpole must have produced on those who saw through them. The very sobriquet bestowed by himself betrays the character of the man better than many pages of description would have done. Most authors would have reversed the process, and made *Czar's* family writhe under the hourly sacrifices to his shrine demanded of them, and let the public be taken in, but Miss Broughton knows better than that. A few kind words and flowery references to good intentions impossible to be carried out under existing circumstances, bind wife, son, and daughters his slaves for life, and it is only left to their guests to marvel at their blindness.

It is to this household, located near Beaumaris, that *Mrs. Bligh* and Pamela come to spend a few weeks one spring, and on their arrival have the satisfaction of finding that Sir Robert Coke is likewise expected by some neighbours. *Czar's* (second) wife, *Mrs. Mulholland*, is an old schoolfellow of *Mrs. Bligh's*, and this unfortunate woman is made to feel, the moment she steps into the house, that "it's such a very serious thing to be a funny man." The reputation of her "deceased waggeries"—the school witticisms of former days—has preceded her, and her flow of conversation, never very great, is checked at every turn by an exclamation from her hostess:—"Ah! that is the kind of thing you used to say"; or, "Now you are beginning." It would be unkind to dwell upon the mere little thread of story that runs through the book—a story, too, with a very uncertain ending. Miss Broughton has never taken us captive by her plots or by her style. But her brightness and originality and her capacity for putting things quaintly are as strong as ever, and November fogs look less dreary than before after reading *Mrs. Bligh*.

THE PURITANS.*

IF Mr. Campbell had put a reasonable limit on his reproductions of what other historians have written, and had been less prodigal of words, he might have said all that is worth attention in this book in one volume of no great size. He tells us that his principal design has been to show, "the nature of the influences which shaped the character of the people of Holland and England when the early settlers of America left their homes," though this design appears to have been subsidiary to his desire to prove that the people of the United States owe far more to Holland than they do to England, that they ought not to be regarded as of English race, and that their institutions are of Dutch origin. The exaggeration that characterizes his theory, and the lack of form that is not less characteristic of his book, are both probably due to the fact that he started with the plan of writing a history of New York, and that after he "concluded to finish" it, he began an introduction which "gradually swelled" to these two volumes. He does not recognize that though the inhabitants of New York, and, indeed, of Pennsylvania and Delaware, were largely of non-English blood at the time of the rebellion, the American colonists were as a whole English in all the most important factors that make up the character of a people. Nor, though he acknowledges it, does he sufficiently bear in mind the close kinship between the English and the Dutch, the common origin of many of their institutions, and their community of sentiment. At the same time we are willing to admit that Mr. Campbell has exhibited, though in an exaggerated light, the undoubtedly strong influence that, directly and indirectly, Holland has had upon the United States. He points out the Dutch origin of the State of New York, and tells us that there at least exist traces of institutions and ideas clearly derived from Holland. This will scarcely strike our readers as a new discovery, though he believes that our national vanity has led us to regard the Americans as a purely English race. He insists justly enough on the effect that communication and sympathy with Holland had upon the Puritan movement in England—believing, though here he is mistaken, that this is a point not generally recognized by English historians—and consequently upon the Puritan colonists, and notes several analogies between the insti-

* *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America: an Introduction to American History.* By Douglas Campbell, A.M., LL.B., Member of the American Historical Association. 2 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Mrs. Bligh. By Rhoda Broughton. London: Bentley & Son.

tutions of the old Dutch Republic and the United States of America. Unfortunately he goes much further than this, and even maintains—so at least we understand him, though it is not always easy to find out exactly what he is trying to prove—that the men who framed the Federal Constitution built chiefly on precedents derived from Holland, and did not, at any rate to any large extent, draw upon their knowledge of the English Constitution. Here he is wrong. The Constitution of 1789 is full of proofs of the influence exercised by the English Constitution on the minds of the delegates at Philadelphia, though we are, of course, far from denying that they owed much to other influences, and specially to their experience of the State constitutions, which were themselves in great measure derived from the English system. If before sending these volumes to press Mr. Campbell had carefully studied Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, we cannot but think that he would have modified some of his theories. His book is too contentious in tone for an historical work; it is padded out with a monstrous amount of matter taken at second hand, and it contains proof that the writer did not always understand what he was talking about.

Mr. Campbell corrects the *Saturday Review* for pointing out that Calvinism and Republicanism in America bore fruit in intolerance, cruelty, and treachery. While he does not deny the sins of his fathers, he maintains that they committed them, not because they were Puritans—we spoke of a certain sort of Puritans—but because they were Englishmen; for we must, it seems, be held responsible for the sins of the Americans, while the Dutch are credited with their virtues. To take one only of the offences referred to here, for our space is limited, we do not see that Mr. Campbell brings forward any parallel in England in the last years of the seventeenth century to the wholesale murders of the witchcraft panic. According to him, however, the New Englanders should at that time have been bright examples to their kinsfolk over here; for he declares that the Puritan settlers were in religion and civilization far in advance of those whom they left in England. It is because there are people both here and in America that talk thus foolishly that we sometimes speak of the evil deeds of these settlers, and note the obvious fact that American Puritanism, remote from the more liberal influences of the civilization of the Old World, found expression in a system of religious despotism, not less cruel in operation than unlovely in character. We should scarcely have noticed Mr. Campbell's complaint against us were it not that he alleges that the *Saturday Review* is "always unfriendly to everything American." Here, again, he is mistaken. All things good that come before us from America receive an ungrudging welcome here. Of all things bad and foolish, whether in America or anywhere else, we shall, as hitherto, speak plainly, and without fear or favour. We do not believe that any American whose judgment is unwarped by morbid sensitiveness will echo Mr. Campbell's silly accusation.

The larger part of this book is taken up with comments on the history of England and of the Netherlands, and with narratives of events in both countries during the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuart kings, written in order to show "the two main streams of civilization which affected the early settlers in America." Mr. Campbell's history is mainly drawn from other modern authors, and may be read more pleasantly in their books. His acquaintance with original authorities may be estimated by his quotation of a document in the *Federa* through the medium of a translation in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and by the fact that he knows Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* only as "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." His first argument is founded on a comparison between England and the United States, out of which England comes so badly that it is no wonder that he decides that the origin of American institutions must be sought elsewhere. Here he finds a "Church which exacts a tax from every one, and which is the chief bulwark of the aristocracy," a "so-called Constitution," an Upper House with no power "except that of obstruction," an area of cultivation limited by the "luxury and ostentation of the rich," and a condition of local government "incredible to an American," and above all, no doubt, to a New Yorker, when he remembers the glories of the Tweed Ring, or watches the proceedings of ward-workers. The next long section of the book, which deals with the Revolt of the Netherlands to 1585, need scarcely be read by any one possessing Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Mr. Campbell implies that he would not have written it if he could have assumed that his readers "would be fresh from the study of Motley's works." If any one needs to refresh his memory as to what a scholarly historian has written, he would do more wisely to refer to that historian's books than to read his story retold by a less competent writer with some help from other modern works. We

may observe, too, that though accounts of the splendour of Flemish towns fairly belong to Motley's plan, they are out of place in a book dealing with the influence of Holland. However, Motley writes of Antwerp, which we assure Mr. Campbell was never included in Holland, "The sovereign as Marquis of Antwerp was solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws," and tells us of its "stately Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregated," and Mr. Campbell pads out his book by copying him thus:—"The sovereign was simply Marquis of Antwerp"—this is ludicrous, for the Marquisate of Antwerp pertained to the Duchy of Brabant, and the Duke of Brabant, at the time of which Mr. Campbell, or, rather, Motley, is writing, had more titles than we have space for here, beginning with that of Emperor of the Romans—"and was sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws." And again, "in its superb Exchange five thousand merchants were daily congregated," and so on, without any indication of the clumsy conveyance. By the help of pilfering of this sort, Mr. Campbell is enabled to darken by contrast the picture that he draws of the mediæval history of England. Before the Norman Conquest we are "in a very dark valley," and the Conquest rises before us "a lofty brilliant mountain." What this has to do with the Puritans, or, indeed, what it means, we cannot say; it is probably a piece of original composition. From the Conquest to the date of the Great Charter we are told that the English have little connexion with English history; which is a strange saying, though equalled by the description of the Charter as "an enumeration of rights and privileges claimed by Norman retainers under Norman dukes." At last we get to the reign of Elizabeth and to the Puritans, about whom Mr. Campbell does not appear to have anything new to say. Here, however, he occasionally refers to Strype's works. He is severe on Elizabeth and on Archbishop Parker, tells us that the Queen's policy must not be judged by its success, and shows that he understands it very imperfectly. We have chapters on the Reformation in Scotland, the English in the Netherlands, and the Armada, chiefly made up out of the histories of Motley and Mr. Froude, though neither of them is responsible for the ignorant sneer that Elizabeth's speech to the troops at Tilbury was "a humorous incident," being made, so Mr. Campbell asserts, when the Queen knew that all danger was past.

After a sketch of the development of Puritanism in England, and of the rise of the Separatists, Mr. Campbell notes that Holland gave shelter to many of the religious refugees from England, and points out the influence that the Dutch Anabaptists had upon the rise of the Baptist and Quaker sects. He has some original information, supplied by the Hon. S. Thayer, with reference to earlier English settlers in Holland, who went thither for purposes of trade. From one of the refugee congregations in Holland came the "Pilgrim Fathers," who were, we are told, "not typical Englishmen," but "picked men," intellectually and morally, which was the reason why "their experiment of self-government succeeded, while it failed so disastrously at home." The circumstances of the Republicans in England were surely somewhat different from those of the American settlers. Mr. Campbell continues the history of Holland down to the close of the war with Spain, drawing largely on Motley's *John of Barneveld*, though he has read and uses some criticisms upon it. He devotes a chapter to the institutions that have, in his opinion, been borrowed by the Americans from the Dutch, having been brought over to America partly by the Dutch colonists of New York and partly by the Puritan settlers in Massachusetts and other New England colonies. Among these he reckons the United States Senate, which, he believes, received its special character from the Dutch Republic by way of Pennsylvania, the restrictions on the power of the executive, the "basal fact," as he calls it, of a written Constitution, the ballot, and the system of criminal procedure. His last chapter deals with the important element introduced into the population of the United States by the immigration of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. He ends his book with an anticipation of the time when the influence of the Dutch Republic shall have had its perfect work, when, having already inspired the Puritans of England, and the people of the United States, it shall have won its final victory in the establishment of a republic in England fashioned after the American model. Then "the complete history of English civilization will probably be written," and will "be supplemented by a complete history of the United States." The threat of monumental works, to be constructed on the lines of Mr. Campbell's two volumes, adds a fresh terror to the thought of a Republican millennium.

THE FAUNA OF ARGYLL.*

ONCE more we have to welcome an instalment of that unique zoological geography of Scotland which Mr. David Douglas is publishing for the satisfaction of all sportsmen and other good men. This series of books sustains to the full the prestige of its earlier volumes, and will certainly take its place as the most complete topographical natural history which has been produced in illustration of any country in the world. It will, perhaps, be remembered that the ordinary sequence of the volumes was disturbed, in 1890, by the publication of the late Mr. H. D. Graham's *The Birds of Iona and Mull*. This was a compendium of the notes of a lifetime, drawn up with so much freshness and humour, and by so accurate an observer, that it would have been a thousand pities to have lost it. At the time, however, we felt some anxiety as to the disturbance that volume might cause in the regular sequence of the series. The present volume, which deals with the whole district of which Iona and Mull are a part, is that in which such disturbance would naturally be felt. As a fact, we confess that it is somewhat felt. Charming as the present work is, it is a fragment, and its completeness is marred by the existence of Mr. Graham's book.

But if Mull and Iona are practically excluded from the present publication, in order not to clash with Mr. Graham, we still are unable to account for the perfunctory treatment of the mainland or continent of Argyll. The geographical portion of the book is devoted almost entirely to the islands, and that to the exclusion of the most important, Islay, Jura, Mull, and the entire group in Loch Linnhé. Of the outlying inner Hebrides, from Canna to Oronsay, it is an exhaustive monograph, far more complete, as well as more picturesque, than any which has before been published. This is doubtless that portion of the county which is least accessible and least known, and for an account of these remote islands we are very grateful. This fragment, however, is not Argyll, and we hope that the present volume does not exhaust what our authors have to say. They have told us very little about Coll and Colonsay. Will they not return to these islands in another volume which shall include Islay and Jura?

Perhaps the most interesting, because certainly the most novel, pages in this book are those in which is described the isolated rock of Hysgeir. This islet, which lies between Rum and Barra, but at a great distance from each, can be best approached from Canna, of which it is a dependency. It is an irregular crescent of basalt, "glaciated off at the summits into rounded lumps, yet leaving the upper surfaces of the columns like a section of honeycomb, every pentagonal column distinctly seen or only partially concealed by a hoary growth of lichen." This rock is cut into by deep voids or sounds, with land-locked pools at the heads of them, the largest forming a splendid harbour of shelter for lobster-smacks. It was, in fact, an unfortunate day for zoology when the fishermen discovered these almost invisible roadways up into still water; for these pools had hitherto been the undisturbed breeding-place of the great grey seal (*Halicherus gryphus*), one of the noblest and rarest of British quadrupeds, entirely oceanic and insular in its habits, and rapidly becoming extinct in our waters. Nine feet is by no means an extraordinary length for this noble animal to reach. We are very glad that Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley have resisted the temptation to give close particulars regarding the distribution of the great grey seal, their notes being, as they grimly indicate, not put down for the benefit of "yachts' crews and general predators."

The chapter which deals with Rum is particularly rich and exhaustive. This island, perhaps the most beautiful on the coast of Scotland, where exquisite rock-scenery is so prevalent, is often seen, but rarely visited. All those who voyage to Skye and to the Outer Hebrides, by means of the steamer from Oban, know the majestic cone of purple which rises between them and the sunset as the ship passes into the Sound of Sleat. But there is no inducement for the tourist to land on this insular deer-forest, on which, or we are greatly mistaken, his presence is sternly deprecated. Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley have explored Rum to their heart's content, and they speak with great discretion, in memory, doubtless, of the hospitality which they received. But we can read between the lines when they speak of it as "one of the most desirable properties in Scotland," if in the hands of a landlord anxious and willing to improve it without impoverishing the people. People, in the strict sense of the word, there are none. The crofters were, to a man, ejected by an earlier holder of the property, and now this magnificent island is inhabited by exactly forty-seven persons, all of them servants of the estate. Two episodes of unusual interest may be pointed out in our authors' chapter on Rum, their account of Lord Salis-

bury's unsuccessful attempt in 1847 to concentrate all the water of the island in the Kilmory Glen, and Mr. Harvie-Brown's attempt to explore the inland nesting-rocks of the shearwater in 1881. This interesting bird, the Manx shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*), breeds on ledges upon the face of vast terraced cliffs, usually over the sea, but in Rum it haunts the interior of the island, nesting at inaccessible altitudes, two thousand feet above the sea. It appears to be a mistake that either of the other shearwaters now occurs on the Scottish coast, where *anglorum* itself is becoming rare.

The great headquarters of this beautiful bird in Scotland still are, however, Eigg, where we are exceedingly glad to hear that in 1891 the Fachachs, as the natives call the shearwaters, were "every bit as plentiful as ever," in spite of cruel persecutions in 1886 and at other times. The natural conformation of Eigg is singularly favourable to them, for here they have five or six miles of cliff-face practically inaccessible. This nesting-place is not on the startlingly picturesque Scur of Eigg, the huge mass of igneous rock lifted upon porphyry columns, which strikes the eye as a portent out to sea, when we sail round the promontory of Airdnamurchan, but on the northern peninsula of the island, the whole arc of stubborn coast from Cleadale to Rudia nan Tri. Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley's description of the view from the summit of the Scur is a marvellously vivid one. It is amusing to learn that there are no "vermin" left in Eigg, for the peregrine falcons, like St. Patrick, have put an end to them all. Here are some sensible remarks about the preservation of raptors, to which the acknowledged authority of our author gives special value:—

"We are not of those who sympathize with all the abuse hurled at some of our birds of prey, but we think there is a good deal of *invertebrate twaddle* talked about indiscriminate preservation of them on the one hand, and equally indiscriminate slaughter on the other. But, again, there is a great deal of truth spoken also, and arguments used which cannot be refuted by either side. . . . We consider it [the peregrine] quite too common a species to allow us to tremble for its future; and we consider it to be, also, a species well able to look out for itself."

But while it is all very well to speak in this way of the peregrine falcon, we could wish that Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley could have brought themselves to show more zeal for certain other still more noble species. The osprey is almost extinct in Scotland, the Greenland falcon has not been seen for a quarter of a century, the kite has absolutely disappeared, and the sea-eagles return no more to the cliffs of Skye and Rum, where they were once abundant. Everywhere the rage of the keepers has destroyed these grand birds, impoverishing our fauna with pitiless completeness. Even the golden eagles, which used to be carefully preserved in Rum, Jura, and other islands, have now been ruthlessly destroyed. Probably, when it is altogether too late to call back any of these splendid forms, a wiser and broader policy will prevail. Already the owner of Rum is desirous most carefully to protect the eagles; but alas! there are no longer any eagles to protect.

Our authors do not appear to have visited the Skerryvore, but they have an unusually full account of the interesting island of Tiree, the one of all the inhabited islands of Argyllshire which projects furthest west into the Atlantic. The illustrations form so admirable and attractive a part of these books that we cannot help wishing, this time, that they were more abundant. The best is the capital plate of the sea-otter, opposite p. 16, and another of great interest is that of the nesting-place of the Arctic terns off Hysgeir. "An Incident in the Brander Pass," where a seal is chasing a salmon, is not very successfully reproduced. The maps, as usual, are excellent, and add very greatly to the practical value of the volume. Those of Rum, of Eigg, and of Tiree could not be improved. We have but one criticism to make. Either Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley should use the Gaelic spelling in their text or they should add the ordinary or English spelling to the Gaelic names in their maps. At present, it is sometimes difficult to make the map illustrate the text. For instance, in the account of Tiree we read again and again of Kennevara Head, but we search for that name in vain upon the map, until it dawns upon us that Beinn Ceafn-a-bharra must be the promontory in question.

SKAT.*

IT is one of the necessities of the age that no sooner does a game of skill come into vogue than there springs up a crop of literature on the subject, which has to be mastered by

* *A Vertebrate Fauna of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides*. By J. A. Harvie-Brown and T. E. Buckley. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

* *The Game of Skat*. By A. Hertefeld. Translated and Edited by Professor Hoffmann. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1892.

those who wish to excel in its most recondite methods. Had this been the case formerly, our shelves might now be enriched with treatises on "The Royal Game of Goose," on ombre, and other pastimes which delighted our forefathers; and it is still open to the editors of the Badminton Series to issue a volume on cup and ball, marbles, and the like. The latest addition to this class of literature is a translation by Professor Hoffmann of a book on the German game of skat, written by A. Hertefeld, the "Games editor" of the newspaper *Ueber Land und Meer*. It appears that Altenburg has another claim to distinction besides being the scene of the famous Prinzenraub; it was for years the depository of the secrets of the game of skat. The origin of this game is believed to be Italian, and its name to have been derived from the word *scarto*, "I discard"—two discards being an important feature of the game. From Altenburg it was introduced into Leipzig early in this century, and speedily became the rage among the students of that University; during the last twenty-five years it has spread over the whole of Germany, and has everywhere obtained popularity. Among the merits of skat may be mentioned the fact that it is specially designed for three players; for card games, worthy of the name, of this description are still very rare. Another advantage is that, as will be presently described, there are many varieties of the game to be chosen at the discretion of the player, and so unlimited scope for judgment and strategy is afforded. A hand which is hopeless from one point of view may be a very good one from another, and by a judicious selection of the particular "game" to be declared, the player may alter all the conditions of the fight.

We have not space for a minute description of skat, which, indeed, is somewhat complicated, but will indicate some of its peculiar features, leaving those of our readers who have not hitherto played the game to determine whether they will pursue their studies further. In skat one, who is called "the Player," contends against the other two, who are called "opponents" or "partners." The cards used are those of the piquet pack, consisting of thirty-two cards, the six and those below it being rejected. The four knaves, or "matadors," are regarded as trumps in all games where trumps are used, and rank first, the order of the remaining cards being ace, ten, king, queen, nine, eight, seven. The knave of clubs is the paramount trump, and the other knaves follow in the order of spades, hearts, and diamonds, and this order is always maintained whatever may be declared the trump suit. The games have an established order of precedence, and the person who bids for or "provokes" the highest game is called "the Player"; he then uses his best endeavours to win the game he has declared, while the other two competitors unite their forces to prevent his doing so. For practical purposes the order of the games, beginning with the lowest, is as follows: Tourné, solo in diamonds, solo in hearts, solo in spades, solo in clubs, grando, grando ouvert, nullo, nullo ouvert, revolution. The dealer, who is not necessarily the Player, deals ten cards to each, two being left over. These two cards are known as the skat, and in tourné games they are taken into the hand of the Player, who discards two of his own in their place. Before taking in the skat cards the Player turns up one of them, and the card so turned up decides the trump suit for that round. The second card is taken into the hand without being shown.

Skat is a game of points not of tricks, that is to say, the reckoning is based not on the number of tricks made, but on the points the tricks contain. An ace counts eleven, a ten ten, king four, queen three, and knave two; the total amount in the four suits thus being 120. The Player is bound to make in each round more than half the total, or 61 points, or else he loses to each opponent the value of the game he is playing; should he succeed, he receives the full value from each. Further penalties are also inflicted if either of the players is declared Schneider or Schwartz, which is analogous to the little and great Schlemm of German whist. The method of scoring is exceedingly complicated, and marks the game as essentially German. An Englishman likes to play for something tangible, and to be able to calculate the amount he has won or lost as easily and quickly as possible. A German likes to burden his score with a vast number of contingencies and additions with the object of multiplying the points, and of magnifying the apparent amount of his winnings or losses. As, however, the value of the points is frequently put at a pfennig, or a hundredth part of a shilling, much harm cannot be done. At whist, for instance, by the German method of computation the number of points is almost infinite, but the amount won or lost is rarely so much as at ordinary English points. In skat each game has its own special value, rising in order of precedence. This is called "the basis-number," but it has to be multiplied by another determined by the unit representing the value of the game, plus the matadors with or without which it is played, and what may be called the

contingencies of the game. We have not space to enter into further technicalities, but we think that if skat is to become popular in England, some simpler method of scoring will have to be devised. The author of the book has done his work well, and the theory of the game is plainly and lucidly set forth. The book will probably long remain the recognized authority for the students of skat.

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE.*

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Edmund Gosse was writing a romance, we believe there was a considerable fluttering in three-volume dove-cots. Mr. Gosse, along with other critics, has hurled at different times certain pebbles at some of the novelists, who, on learning that the enemy was building a little glass-house all to himself, rejoiced exceedingly. We fear, however, that *The Secret of Narcisse* will prove to them a very bitter disappointment. Its author is still as far removed from the general crowd of everyday novelists as he has ever been. What is to them a source of pain is to us a pleasure. Mr. Gosse has chosen the better part, and has not sought for popularity, but the appreciation of those who care for literature for its own sake, knowing little of the literary commodities esteemed by Mrs. Oliphant as the "daily bread" of a reading public. And he will assuredly find that appreciation. The admirers of M. Huysmans have assured a sceptical people that the quality they look for in the master's work is not one of construction, or even characterization, but merely a criticism of life, men, literature, and things. Now, this quality is the great distinction of Mr. Gosse's romance, enhanced, in our opinion, by two very subtle studies of character. Then it has "background" and "atmosphere," which the pious decadent alone can value at their true worth. In this stern, almost iron, age of realism and naturalism there are critics who tell us, with some show of reason, that a great contemporary literature should always handle contemporary life. All Shakspeare's characters are essentially Elizabethan, just as Dante's poetry is essentially mediæval and the novels of Fielding so characteristic of life in the eighteenth century; while works such as *La Terre*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *The Kreutzer Sonata* are so very modern as to belong to the end of next century rather than to the end of this. They have fallen a little on the other side. Yet no rule (supposing this to be a rule) was ever so thoroughly proved by the splendour of exceptions. In French we have only to take the *Notre Dame de Paris* of Hugo and the *Salammbô* of Flaubert, and, in English, *Esmond*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or *Marius the Epicurean*, as examples—there are not many more, but there may be a few more. Such stories as these—all masterpieces in their way—placed against a background of which none of us can speak from experience, are above the pedantry of scholarship and the blustering of the archæologist. They each possess their illusion or atmosphere. This effect may have been obtained either by scholarship, by archæology, or pilfering from Erasmus, or by instinct and genius only. It is of no importance how it be obtained, so long as it is there. Now it is in his background—Bar-le-Duc in the sixteenth century—that Mr. Gosse is so particularly successful, where he might so easily have failed. There is no history and no archæology. There may or may not be any anachronisms. Let us hope there are; they would be a merit rather than a defect. The book resembles some delicately-finished, clear-coloured picture of the late Flemish painters with the perspective awry, which leaves the traces of the renaissance and decadence that set in almost simultaneously in Northern Europe. It would be difficult to find a work in Teutonic literature for the purposes of comparison. But the plot is certainly Hoffmannesque, and the treatment is such as we expect from Mr. Walter Pater in his *Imaginary Portraits*. The resemblance of *Narcisse* to Denys L'Auxerrois will occur to any one familiar with that exotic and delightful character. This is probably accidental, for Mr. Gosse has no model, and follows no school but his own. There is a humour, too, entirely foreign to Mr. Walter Pater; and he has little sympathy for the period of which he writes. His is the critical, almost cold, attitude favoured by Prosper Mérimée. In places where Gautier would revel Mr. Gosse hurries by; the scenes over which Mr. Pater would linger, opportunities for "splendid sins and exquisite amusements," Mr. Gosse tramples on impatiently. The plot, as we have hinted, is quite slight, and is only intended, we take it, as scaffolding.

Narcisse Gerbillard, or *Gerbillon* (for some reason or other he is called both indifferently), is a pupil of Richier, the sculptor of

* *The Secret of Narcisse*. By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1892.

the famous skeleton tomb (famous for its ingenuity rather than its artistic worth). He has been left behind at Bar-le-Duc by his master, and being a stranger is looked on with some suspicion and even dislike by the Barrois. He has become betrothed, however, to Rosalie, the daughter of a gunsmith for whom he works. His enthusiasm is divided between his love for her and his "great" invention—the White Maiden—a monstrous musical toy, such as great artists have often wasted their ingenuity in contriving. In an idle fit of jealousy, Rosalie accuses her lover of "walking with the devil." The report is spread by her family, and the angry populace break into his house, where a sight of the music-making skeleton only confirms their suspicions. Narcisse is condemned to be strangled and burnt. Finally, accused by his betrothed and found guilty of witchcraft—a crime then more terrible than heresy—the wretched Narcisse learns that his masterpiece is destroyed. The conception of a man who has spent some years making an absurd toy, hoping to rival his master, having no originality, but a clever knack of imitation, is very pathetic. To the present generation the charge of sorcery is always wanting in plausibility. We cannot get rid of its ludicrous side; but Mr. Gosse, with consummate art, elicits our sympathy, and has convinced us of the tremendous tragedy by the *method* of the accusation rather than by the accusation itself. Narcisse is a perfect type of the sixteenth century, when even quite second-rate men were always achieving the impossible, both in science mechanics and religious dialectics. In the heroine, Rosalie, Mr. Gosse has shown complete restraint. She is the pretty, stupid, typical girl whom we should expect to find in the sixteenth no less than in the nineteenth century. In the end she half believes the calumny she has originated. We are thus persuaded of her charm far more than had she been presented as the conventional heroine, an Hypatia of education who alone understood *l'homme incompris*.

NEW PRINTS.

FROM Messrs. Bousod, Valadon, & Co., of the Goupil Gallery, we have received five examples of the art of reproducing paintings, which show the remarkable advance that has been made since the introduction of photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co. Simple photogravure, though the least mechanical of the reproductive processes, as the more successful of the specimens first published clearly proved, could not be applied to all descriptions of painting with any certainty of a happy rendering. Certain schemes of colour proved unfriendly. Now and again there would be false or exaggerated accents to be corrected, or a loss of quality in the interpretation to be redeemed. These matters of correction or compensation have engaged the hand of the artist—the mezzotinter, for example, in certain instances—and the reproductive art, conveniently described as Goupil-gravure, has passed through various phases of development to the stage of efficiency it has now attained. The five specimens before us are certainly interesting and adequate renderings of paintings that vary as greatly in technical character as in subject. Three of these are "reductions." The other two are Th. Weber's "On the Quay at Dordrecht," and "The Harbour at Gravelines," both of which are notable for the spirit and fidelity with which the admirable originals are translated. Mr. Phil R. Morris's "Friends or Foes?" a popular Academy picture of two little primrose-gatherers startled by a herd of inquisitive fallow-deer, is an entirely successful reproduction, and, in our opinion, more pleasing than the original work. Mr. Hemy's vigorous and dramatic painting of the rescue of the crew and passengers of a wrecked vessel by the lifeboat—"Women and Children First"—appears to us less completely rendered, owing to a certain lack of force in the tumultuous water about the lifeboat. In Cecil Lawson's "Marsh Lands," however, we have a most admirable reproduction of a beautiful work that has previously engaged the engraver's skill. No other landscape of this gifted artist—not even the National Gallery example, nor "The Minister's Garden"—is so expressive of his genius and accomplishment. In this graceful composition, with its elegant arrangement of curving tree-stems and dim, misty vistas of plashy meads with browsing cattle, there is a suggestion of Constable's "Salisbury," where the ethereal Cathedral, and soaring, sunny spire in the blue and fleecy sky are similarly set in a frame of arching elm-boughs.

From the same publishers we have a selection from their "Estampe-Miniature" series, which comprises a variety of reproductions of modern painters, reduced to "album" size, and printed in warm browns or pale blues with excellent finish. The series embraces work of almost every conceivable style in modern

art. There are examples of Delaroche, Dupré, Jean Béraud, Grolleron, V. Gilbert, Marchetti, Mr. T. M. Hemy, with a capital representation of the admirable studies of French sporting dogs by O. de Penne.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

MR. DE WINDT'S *Siberia* comes as a counterblast to the remarkably interesting volumes of Mr. Kennan which we lately reviewed. Mr. Kennan, in what struck us as a singularly straightforward narrative, painted from minute personal observation the horrors of the Russian convict system and the sufferings of the political exiles. The fact that *Siberia* is prefaced by an introduction by Mme. de Novikoff sufficiently indicates the point of view from which it is written. Mme. de Novikoff has notoriously the courage of her patriotism. She declares that philanthropy is a conspicuous feature of the Russian administration, and even permeates the prisons. She contrasts the Russian judicial system with the English, decidedly to the advantage of the former, and apologizes for the leniency of Russian juries. Jurors will rather let many criminals escape than doom a single innocent man. Possibly that may partly explain why the Czar and the Minister of the Interior have been recently violating the constitutional concessions guaranteed to Finland by suppressing trial by jury in that country. Be that as it may, perhaps we may fairly assume that Mr. De Windt was indebted to Mme. de Novikoff's influence for his excellent reception by the Russian police, and the recommendations and general visiting orders with which they provided him. We may say at once that we do not for a moment impeach his honesty, and we take his story as he truthfully tells it. But we must remember that, while Mr. Kennan devoted months or years to an exhaustive inspection of the prisons, forwarding stations, transport barges, and convict settlements, from the Urals eastward, Mr. De Windt only visited two of the prisons and a single convict barge. As to both these prisons, the head of the department in St. Petersburg assured him that their state was unsatisfactory, and that they left a good deal to desire. Mr. De Windt, who took the local officials by surprise, anticipating the proposed date of his visits, was on the whole agreeably surprised. Where Mr. Kennan came on overcrowding and intolerable stenches, Mr. De Windt found fresh air and sufficient elbow-room. He rather represents the eastward progress of a chain-gang as a sensational pleasure party, where the roughness and the leg-irons give a sort of barbarous zest to a popular picnic of semi-barbarians. Political offenders may suffer more, yet even they have carriages, such as they are, at their command, and often find themselves in clover, if they can resign themselves to the loss of liberty. One gentleman, for example, is sketched as smartly attired in a frock-coat, seated in a bright cell looking out on a shrubbery, with books and writing materials on the table, flowers in the window, and a coffee-tray on a chair. Others who were supplied with money had comfortable meals sent in from without, and had developed a passion for perpetual cigarette-smoking. The officials seemed to treat them all with civility and consideration, as the soldiers in general were friendly and good-humoured in the supervision they exercised over the rougher convicts. On all which, it may be remarked that it has always been admitted that much depends on the disposition of particular officials, for one of the worst features of the system is the despotic power of the individual. Also that, as Mme. de Novikoff observes, the Russian peasant is naturally of a cheerful disposition, and has been so accustomed to hardships from his cradle upwards, that his spirits rise with a sufficiency of gratuitous food. Mr. Kennan also was surprised by the merriment in overcrowded barges, where the prisoners for the time were tolerably comfortable. But what Mr. Kennan asserts of the system cannot be denied; the indisputable facts, and their inevitable consequences, speak for themselves; and his darkest and strongest statements are confirmed by quotations from official letters and reports. We can only hope, and indeed we believe, that in the few years that have elapsed between the two visits matters have been changing considerably for the better.

The book itself deserves great praise as an interesting story of adventurous travel. Mr. De Windt had already shown his courage and his enterprise when he made his way through the droughts and the dangers of the Gobi Desert in crossing two continents from "Pekin to Calais." There was nothing so formidable as the dismal Gobi in his present expedition, yet he met with

* *Siberia as It Is*. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

Palms and Pearls; or, Scenes in Ceylon. By Alan Walters. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

exciting adventures enough; to say nothing of eccentric characters. Communications beyond Ekaterinburg had been interrupted by heavy rains, and he had to run a race against time and his numerous fellow-passengers to catch the steamer at Tiumen, under penalty of being delayed for a week. Having failed to hire a tarantass, he was reduced to buying one, and though the bargain sounded cheap, it proved a bad one. Rotten fragments of wood were clinging to a skeleton framework, and the state of the axles caused him well-founded anxiety. Drawn by meagre little horses "as hard as nails and flying like the wind" through the ruts and quagmires that marked the track, of course it ultimately broke down. Then he hunted in the dark for another vehicle to replace it, through an apparently deserted village. He saved his distance, as he says, by a second or two; but his bones were aching for many a day afterwards, and he carried away "myriads of uninvited fellow-travellers" from the filthy straw on which he had reclined. At Tobolsk he had an opportunity of remarking the humanity of the officer directing the shipment of convicts; but he was sadly impressed by the wild and wailing lament which is the famous "Charity Song" of the forlorn exiles. He has little to say in favour of the Siberian millionaires who have made their money by mining or otherwise. They are arrogant, vulgar, and ostentatious, and barbarous even in their hospitality. They drink or gamble, but are unsusceptible to the tender passion. He travelled on the steamer with an enormously wealthy family, who lived like misers and fed like pigs. He went to a ball at Tomsk, where the women were worse dressed than the men, who wore evening coats with high-buttoned waistcoats and shepherd's plaid trousers. As for the son of the house, he figured in jack-boots and a flannel shirt. There was a sumptuous supper, with champagne and liqueurs to indiscretion, and towards morning the noise and heat became unendurable. But such banquets of Sardapalus are exceptional. Even the millionaire fares coarsely, if not scantily, and the traveller is too often on the verge of starvation, though he may have learned to be content with black bread and vodka. As for the inns, the hotel at Tiumen was a trifle worse than that at Tomsk, though there was little to choose between them. The bedroom was tumbling to pieces; he could see into the apartment above; the flooring was rotten, and, of course, carpetless; and absolutely the only article of furniture was a truckle bed with a ragged mattress. The scanty bedding swarmed with white bugs, a variety which seems peculiar to Siberia, and carries poison in the bite; and the room was infested by large grey rats. There was nothing of any kind in the larder; and the common lavatory was a filthy puddle in the yard. Mr. De Windt tempts tourists with the promise of excellent sport in some of the more remote districts; but we should say that in the meantime all travellers in Siberia should unite the iron philosophy of the Stoic to the stern frugality of the Spartan.

Mr. Walters has scarcely done himself justice in his title; for *Palm and Pearls* suggests the idea of superficial sketches of a sensational globe-trotter. In reality he has written the best "all-round" volume on Ceylon since Tennant. He is a scholar and a linguist; he knows the country thoroughly; he is a close observer and something of a humourist, and he writes in a lively and attractive style. He deals at length and in minute knowledge with religion and history; he describes the traces still discernible of a magnificent past; the changes that have been introduced under European occupation; the various industrial and agricultural speculations which have brought wealth to a few and ruin to many, and the countless blessings which nature has lavished on what ought to be a paradise for the native Cinghalese. As for strangers from colder climes, they take diametrically opposite views, according to their constitutions, habits, and experiences. Some have praised Ceylon as their ideal of Heaven, while others have cursed it as a veritable Pandemonium. Mr. Walters, as we might expect, holds to a middle opinion. The climate is trying to Europeans, and in the low-lying districts it is often deadly. But with care it is possible to keep the health, and there are many compensations in the fragrant air and the voluptuous beauty of the surroundings. Hardly even in Java is vegetation more luxuriant or more beneficent. The island is a virtual hothouse, with endless varieties of the rarest flowers and the most luscious fruits. The presence of the coco-palm alone almost dispenses with the necessity for cash or labour. Its uses are said to be as many as the days of the year, and "it supplies the people with food, clothing, drink, sugar, oil, wine, domestic utensils, building and thatching materials, carpets, candles, coffins, cradles," &c. For those of less simple tastes or more speculative dispositions there are pearls in the ocean and gems on the land. During many years hundreds of English immigrants counted with good reason on making their fortunes by coffee. The coffee failed; they turned their attention to

chinchona, cinnamon, &c., doing well with everything; and now they have fallen back upon the tea, which is driving the produce of China gardens out of the English markets. In fact, Ceylon was always famous for its various wealth, even in almost prehistoric days, under native princes. Under the early dynasties silver and gold seem to have been as little accounted of, as in the Palestine of Solomon. There is a most interesting account of an expedition to the site of the mountain metropolis of Auradhapoor, which contained a million souls, was fifty-two miles in circumference, and there ninety kings reigned in succession in their stupendous palace of brass. Near it were cave-temples of immemorial antiquity, and the sacred bo-tree—a sort of fig—"famous as being beyond doubt the oldest known tree in the world." We are not told how the date is vouched for, but it is said to have been planted B.C. 288. Then, by way of variety, we have the account of the perilous ascent of Adam's Peak, many interesting chapters on the fauna and flora of Ceylon, and lively sketches of native life and character, of the digging for gems, and the diving for pearls.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Aus dem Kaukasus (1) is the holiday record of a German professor at the Gymnasium of Tiflis, prefaced by a couple of introductory chapters—historical, geographical, and ethnological. Herr Hahn is chiefly concerned with the present social aspect of the various races—indigenous, Indo-European, Semitic, and Mongol—that people the Caucasus; but he has some valuable notes on its flora and fauna, its mineral produce, and the varying atmospheric conditions of its towering Alps and fertile valleys. Of the religions, traditions, and superstitions of the Ossetes, Mingrelians, and the Jews of the Mountain, he has much that is new and interesting to say. St. George is the favourite hero of Ossetian legend, wherein he appears as a fine archaic type of primeval border-ruffian. Mingrelian folk-lore is in the minor key; the folk-lore of the Jews of the Mountain is curiously woven of Hebrew tradition and local paganism. Thus we have in the wise spirit, Ileh-Nov, a blending of the prophet Elias with the god of riches. Equal to him in power are Num-Negir, protector of travellers; Orhdehoe-Mar, the seven-headed invisible serpent, god of the household; Ser-Ovi, the snow-white water-virgin, who steals the entrails of women in childbed and slays new-born children; Shehadu, the leader of unclean spirits, that enter into people to make them mad; Idor, god of agriculture, and other gods of the elements and seasons; whence it will be seen that this strange offshoot of Israel reconciles a belief in more than one being of divine origin with its ostensible monotheism. The "Jews of the Mountain" claim their descent from those Jews who were led away from Palestine by Assyrian and Babylonian kings, before the destruction of the first Temple, and boast that they have had no hand in the Crucifixion. Of the Armenians, who out-number the Semitic population, Herr Hahn has much less to say, for the excellent reason that so much has been, is, and will be said of them by preceding and succeeding travellers.

Dramaturgische Bausteine (2), ten essays in dramatic criticism, by the late Feodor Wehl, are edited by Dr. Eugen Kilian. Most of them have already appeared in newspapers and reviews, but the three on Franz Moor, Othello, and Fiesco, are here printed from the manuscript for the first time. In their present form the *Dramaturgische Bausteine* form a desirable sequel to the well-known "*Didaskalien*" which attracted so much attention in the sixties. Here, as in the earlier work, Wehl's studies are directed to the staging and management of classical dramas, and to the conception and representation of great parts, rather from the actor's and stage-manager's standpoint than from the poet's. In a word, if we except the wonderful fourth essay (Ophelia and Hamlet), so remarkable for psychologic insight, happy imagery, and power of expression, he is more of a dramatic than a literary critic. Hence his salutary and widely-felt influence on German acting during the past thirty years.

In fiction we have a socialistic novel (3) by Herr Ernst Wichert, from which we chiefly gather that the carpenter, whose two brothers happened to be, respectively, a Geheimerath and a Major, had a bad time of it with his sisters-in-law. The father of the Geheimerath, the Major, and the carpenter had died before the latter's education could be completed, hence the divergence

(1) *Aus dem Kaukasus, Reisen und Studien: Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Landes.* Von C. Hahn. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot; London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Dramaturgische Bausteine: Gesammelte Aufsätze von Feodor Wehl.* Aus dem Nachlasse Wehls herausgegeben von Eugen Kilian. Leipzig: Schulzische Hof-Buchhandlung (A. Schwarz).

(3) *Der jüngste Bruder.* Sozialer Roman von Ernst Wichert. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reizner.

of their occupations. When drunk or out of work Arnold Berken, the youngest brother, was a Socialist-Democrat, when sober he was less reasonable and coherent. But this is forestalling events. Fleeing from Hamburg, under ban of the law, he arrived, in a starving and ragged condition, at the respectable little capital of which his relations were such respectable citizens. The Geheimerath and the Geheimeräthin housed, clothed, tended him, and restored him to health and decorum. The Major's father-in-law, a wealthy banker, set him up in business as a builder, with a certain Herr von Kranich, a *protégé* of his own, as bookkeeper. The Geheimeräthin, perceiving Arnold's admiration for Rieke, her maid-of-all-work, promptly affianced him to Fräulein Ulrike, a poor relation of her own. Henceforward the ne'er-do-weel's prosperity might be said to be assured. But he was bored to the verge of tears in the society of his refined but *passée* betrothed, persecuted by the Socialists who were his former associates, and cheated by the aristocratic bookkeeper. He signed his name to bills for money which Herr v. Kranich asserted to be employed in the business, but with which the latter bolted; he drank sturdily, philosophized weakly, and allowed himself to be coerced into giving shelter to a ruffian, who was "wanted" and found by the police on his premises. Thus the banker lost money and the Geheimerath credit in the attempt to befriend him. Fräulein Ulrike also lost her unwilling lover, the maid-of-all-work her place, and Arnold his liberty. In prison he fell ill, and was succoured by Rieke, who meanwhile had become housekeeper to a philanthropic manufacturer. While he served his time, he repented of his sins, which, with the author, we assume to have consisted in a misguided toleration of the too-much-zeal of the Majorin and the Geheimeräthin, and in resisting the bent of a heart that beat for the maid-of-all-work. He eventually rose to be manager of the philanthropist's factory, married Rieke, was cut by his relations, and lived happily ever after.

Das siegende Kreuz (4), a romance of early Christian times, is one of those neo-archaic productions for which Herr Felix Dahn and Professor Ebers should be held responsible. We marvel that in a country sometimes described by the outer barbarian as over-legislated, there should be no preventive laws against the epidemic of the historic and the prehistoric novel, a disease more imminent and in its actual form not less deadly than the cholera. This particular case bristles with complex horrors; we know not whether most to cower before the crimes and the penance of Seneca, the uncomfortable relations of the Early Christians with persons of any other persuasion, or the suburban manners of a pious Ephesian princess. But it all ends very agreeably for the lady and for Marcus—the converted son of the great Consul, in a garden at Posilippo—which we hope was some consolation to the altruistic manes of other early Christians who were unavoidably prevented from being of the party.

Frau v. Brackel gives us a sixth edition of her *Tochter des Kunstreiters* (5), written in the Berliner-Deutsch which includes a French before which that of Stratford-atte-Bowe must pale. It is this dialect that lends an involuntary humour to the pathos of Baron Dahn's disinterested and unrequited affection for the accomplished daughter of the circus-rider. *Es stockte sein flux de bouche* when he thought of her.

The *Malergeschichten* (6), presented to us by Frau Ida Boy-Ed as "Psychologic Studies," are, if not especially remarkable for psychologic insight, fairly readable stories of artist life. But the author is weighed down by her sub-title; there is an absolute lack of "mirthfulness of conception" in these excursions of her painter-heroes into social and sentimental regions.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON PARIS'S reprint of some articles of his in the *Journal des Savants* (1), which has been printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, is, we believe, commercially obtainable of M. Bouillon, and is very well worth the attention of all who are interested in early French literature, as—we may add without exception or reservation—everything that M. Gaston Paris writes is. It is devoted to a review of a book of M. Jeanroy's, published about three years ago on the same subject, of which M. Paris speaks very highly, and which he seems to think rather neglected by critics—a charge the justice of which we cannot discuss till we know how widely the book it-

self was put before critical judgment. This book, with certain others of the same origin—that of doctoral theses—M. Paris thinks will revolutionize the history of the period, and there is no better judge. It was, indeed, impossible till very lately that anything but "shots" and *à peu près* could be attempted on the subject, for the documents were not accessible. We note with interest that M. Paris speaks of M. Jeanroy's opinion that the early folk-songs of France show a trochaic as opposed to the iambic rhythm of the *chansons de geste* as "new and fertile." And we seem to remember with a little amusement that M. Paris greeted a not dissimilar remark of a foreign critic a good many years before M. Jeanroy wrote with, indeed, that invariable courtesy which distinguishes him from so many specialists, but also with some surprise and not entire acquiescence. M. Jeanroy's further discoveries, as put by this lenient and, in the particular division, all-accomplished judge, with abundant supplements from his own matchless knowledge, seem to consist in a very careful and valuable analysis of the subjects and prosody of the early French song in the first place, and, in the second, of some theories as to its origin and its connexion with the lyrics of other countries, which we should call more patriotic than certain. There is always this division to be made between the sober work and the enthusiastic speculation of scholars; and the wise, if cold-blooded, critic avails himself of the former with gratitude, and puts the latter on the shelf to see whether it will last or not.

There are those (nor are we prepared to enter the lists with them) who make great case of M. Henri Allais (2). The French military novelist has become a numerous kind of late, but the kind has not produced anything very attractive. "Théo-Critt," a festive creature in his Saumur days, went off into dry places later; M. Richard O'Monroy, now unvisited, sings or says with less and less actuality of Châlons and its brother camps; the author of *Sous-Offs* and his like are merely naturalists of the lower kind, trying to drag the French army through the same dreary muck-heaps through which their fellows have dragged other institutions. M. Allais, we own, is different. His former work has shown a considerable comic talent; and in *Adieu Jean* he has tried pathos with success. We may say this with all the more weight in that we must confess an initial dislike for the book, and a final consciousness of grave defects in it. Jean Bervic, educated by *les pères*, a gentleman by birth, and a man of means, a very sound *croyant*, who holds the comfortable doctrine that sound belief will carry you through all errors in practice, joins his garrison in Savoy with a cynical viscount for mentor, and with a fixed creed that it is a very fine thing to be a soldier, and that the finest flower in the soldier's cap is making successful love to his colonel's wife. At the opening the book may not seem in the best taste. It is written for a good many pages in that curious contemporary French euphuism, which is a compound of extreme preciousness and the lowest slang, and the characters are not sympathetic. Jean is half a simpleton and a very little of a "raff"; his viscount might be better mannered, and the engineer-captain, who plays to the viscount much the part that the viscount does to Jean, and who is devoted to Mr. Herbert Spencer, his umbrella, and civilian clothes, is less attractive still. The colonel's wife is a mere "baggage," without head or heart. But things improve. Jean is ordered up to a remote fort of the French-Italian frontier above Modane, his two friends volunteer for Tonquin, and accident and the lover's imprudence bring about an *esclandre*. The colonel's wife throws herself on Jean, and actually forces him to desert. After a time he returns, takes his trial, is acquitted (rather *more Romano*, as revealed in the *plaidoyers* of one Kikero, than on the merits), and then under an alias joins the foreign legion in Tonquin itself, to meet a fate which may be guessed. The book is one of unquestionable power; it grows on the reader at every hundred pages, and it leaves off, as Mr. Jobling would say, "quite grown up."

The fine atlas which MM. Hachette have for a long time been publishing, at first under the direction of M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, and now under that of M. Schroder, proceeds in a rather erratic fashion as to the order of maps, and not very fast; but it proceeds. We have just received Plate 33, the first of the map of Central Europe, an excellent example of French map-making, which, as we have more than once pointed out, keeps the mean between the excessive fulness of German detail and the somewhat flat and meagre expanses of English cartography.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AT the passing of Mr. Forster's scheme of elementary education in 1870, there were plenty of good, easy-going people who regarded that measure as the solution of a problem, little foreseeing that the hand once set to the plough was not to be

(2) *Adieu Jean*. Par Henri Allais. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Das siegende Kreuz*. Roman aus der Zeit des Urchristenthums. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(5) *Die Tochter des Kunstreiters*. Roman von Ferdinande Frein von Brackel. Köln: J. P. Bachem.

(6) *Malergeschichten*. Von Ida Boy-Ed. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(1) *Les origines de la poésie lyrique en France au moyen âge*. Par Gaston Paris. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, Librairie Bouillon-Vieweg.

relaxed. It was as if they believed there could be finality in the beginning; whereas the educational plough has been propelled on its long and deep career ever since, and the end is scarcely in sight even now. The extent and magnitude of the prospect are very thoroughly outlined in Mr. Charles Henry Wyatt's *Manual of Continuation Schools and Technical Instruction* (Heywood), a volume intended for the guidance and information of teachers and the authorities constituted to deal with secondary and advanced education. Mr. Wyatt treats of the whole course of educational progress in an exhaustive manner and with minute particularity. The elementary Board School is the starting-point. From this we pass to evening or "recreative" classes, and continuation schools, in all their ramifications, and on to higher grade schools, manual instruction and technical institutions, with their full development of lecture-courses, workshops, laboratories, theatres of demonstration in science and art, and so forth. Altogether, Mr. Wyatt's book supplies a clear prospectus of what "educationalists" now mean by elementary, secondary, and higher education for the people. As we study, for example, Mr. Wyatt's plans for a "higher-grade school," with its three lecture-theatres, its gymnasium, its chemical laboratory, its library, its rooms for model and other drawing, and the rest, we are constrained to admit that the outlook is magnificent. And since it would be impossible to pass Board School pupils to such schools at one bound, the necessity for "continuation" evening schools is, of course, self-evident. Naturally, with regard to continuations Mr. Wyatt's views are not less generous. We find, by the way, an instructive observation on the necessity for continuation evening schools in a Report (1887) of one of Her Majesty's Inspectors:—"If children leave school, as they do, at 12 or 13, they are sure to find out, by the time they are 16 or 18, that a large portion of what they once knew needs reviving." Probably we ought to add that much of what is remembered needs "revising and correcting." Thus it is discovered that owing to the "imperfect state of their elementary attainments" they are unable to profit by the secondary and higher instruction which is provided by certain institutes. In the same Report it is said there was only one elementary evening school—"so far as I know"—in a certain large Lancashire town. Oddly enough, there was an average attendance at the old evening schools in 1870-71 of 83,457, of which total the Church of England schools contributed no less than 59,536, which is higher than the return for 1890-91 of the evening schools under the new order of things. Mr. Wyatt refers to that return as a "beggarly 52,000." Ten years after the institution of Board Schools the average attendance at these evening schools had fallen to a trifle over 24,000. Instruction in the old evening schools was restricted to the "three R's," from the "trammels" of which, as Mr. Wyatt remarks, the evening schools are now delivered by the New Code. Under the new educational "Minute," dated May 1892, the evening scholar may revive his failing elements, and take up in addition such special subjects as navigation, horticulture, mensuration, the Welsh language, and "common subjects," during the space of seven years, according to the new schedule. Since the Board School children begin their continuations at the age of 13, those who take the whole evening course would be 20 by the time they are ripe for the higher-grade school and advanced Technical Institute. At the lowest estimate, five years more must elapse before the finished educational product is turned out to prove his superiority, as a master of his art or craft, over the old-fashioned 'prentice of 18. Mr. Wyatt's very suggestive volume is fully illustrated by diagrams, statistics, estimates of cost, and the like.

Mr. James Ward's useful *Elementary Principles of Ornament*, originally composed of a series of class lectures, appears as a new edition under the title *The Principles of Ornament* (Chapman & Hall), revised and edited by Professor Aitchison, whose "Introduction" comprises some excellent observations on the traditions and the value of "precedent" examples of applied ornament in architecture.

* Mr. Lewis Day's text-book, *Nature in Ornament* (Batsford), deals with the whole subject of ornamental design in its relations to natural forms, as applied in the fine arts and the industrial arts, after a method that is excellently lucid. In a kind of historical retrospect Mr. Day treats of the modifications that natural forms have been subjected to by the conventions of artists in ornament among the chief artistic nations of the world, and shows how the original forms of fruit, flowers, and foliage are still discernible even when the scheme of ornament, as among the Persians, appears to be most remote from nature. It is only by slavish or inept repetition, as Mr. Day rightly insists, that ornament becomes degraded and all trace of natural origins becomes lost. Perhaps, however, at the present time the young artist in ornament is inclined rather to what Mr. Day calls "rusticity" than a spiritless or denaturalized artificiality. Or he is apt to become

a copyist of Renaissance work, which is to fall into error only less pernicious than a literal and unselective adaptation of natural forms. Mr. Day's admirable treatise is very fully illustrated by numerous beautiful drawings after designs by ancient and modern masters.

Mr. Morley Roberts has proved his title to distinction as a designer of fiction in short measures, and his collection of short stories, *The Reputation of George Saxon* (Cassell & Co.), comprises examples of the art as clever and individual as anything in his first volume.

A Little Norsk, by Henry Garland (Fisher Unwin), is a simple and pretty story, set forth with the artless kind of grace that the subject requires. Two rough, inexperienced young settlers on the Dakota prairies undertake the rearing of a helpless Norwegian child whom a terrible blizzard has caused to be left to their protection. Their gradual awakening to responsibility, and their awkward attempts to fulfil the duties of guardians towards the young girl, are described with considerable truth and unforced pathos.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins in *The Incomplete Adventurer* (Ward & Downey) has constructed a decidedly amusing variation on the old theme of the elixir of life, or panacea for fleshly ills, the secret of which falls into the hands of an impecunious enthusiast of artistic temperament, whose endeavours to exploit the matter in the City are fruitful of diverting issues. But Mr. Hopkins ought not, in describing a beautiful girl, to observe "Her eyes are sanguine," after having referred to the curve of her chin, the "rich copper tint" of her hair, and so forth. A second tale in the volume, "The Boom in Belltopps," is also a City and Stock Exchange story, and a good one of its kind.

Among recent translations from the Russian we note a capital selection from Pushkin by Mrs. Sutherland Edwards—*The Queen of Spades* (Chapman & Hall)—with illustrations by Mr. Paul Hardy; and a version of Nikolai Gogol's comedy, *Revizor*, with a memoir of the author, by Mr. Arthur Sykes, entitled *The Inspector-General* (Walter Scott).

Possibly it was not the intention of Mr. Lawrence Bliss, in composing *A Modern Romance* (Methuen & Co.), to demonstrate that marriage may be one of those things they order better in France. Two young people, mere boy and girl, are secretly married and part at the church-door. She goes to the Continent with her parents for a year or so, and he takes up his work in the literary line. Then, on the decision of a doctor that he is suffering from heart disease, he determines to abandon his bride altogether, and to persuade her that he is dead. He finds a friend capable of carrying into effect this cowardly design. She marries another—how it is managed we are not told—and he, under an assumed name, dies at length—justified, if we understand our author, and invested with a glory of sentimentality.

A melancholy interest attaches to the new edition of the late Mr. H. N. Moseley's *Notes of a Naturalist on the Voyage of the Challenger* (John Murray), by reason of the portrait of the author and the memorial notice of his life and work prefixed to it.

Among other new editions we note Mr. James Sully's *Outlines of Psychology* (Longmans & Co.); *Lombard Street*, by Walter Bagehot, revised and edited by E. Johnstone (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Library*, by Andrew Lang, second edition (Macmillan & Co.); *In an Enchanted Island*, by W. H. Mallock (Bentley & Son); *In the Roar of the Sea*, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, one volume (Methuen & Co.); *A Voyage of Discovery*, by Hamilton Aidé, one volume (Osgood & Co.); *The New Spirit*, by Havelock Ellis, third edition (Scott); *Somnia Medici*, by J. A. Goodchild, second edition, three volumes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A Money Market Primer*, by George Clare, revised edition (Effingham Wilson); and the sixpenny copyright edition of *The Surgeon's Daughter with Castle Dangerous* (A. & C. Black).

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